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HER MAJESTY'S KIND-HEARTEDNESS: THE QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS BEATRICE, PAYING A VISIT OF SYMPATHY TO A BALMORAL COTTAGER.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE IN THEIR HIGHLAND HOME: ENTRANCE HALL TO NEW MAR LODGE.

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PERSONAL POLITICS

Liverpool Labour Conference.

The political topic of the week is, of course, the Trade Union Congress at Liverpool. I need not say that it is the largest and, therefore, the most important ever held. Taking the average of the last four years, the number of delegates has nearly trebled. The increase in representation is still greater. I doubt whether last year 700,000 workers were represented in the

Great Labour Parliament.

This year about a million and a half are sending delegates! There is advance for you! Nor, so far as I know them, is the character of the representatives of the new Unions in the least degree changed for the worse. Of course, there is a difference. My good friend Henry Broadhurst is a different sort of man from John Burns, and Charles Fenwick is of another type to Tom Mann. But all these are good men and true, and have done yeoman service to the cause of labour. Why should they quarrel? I don't think they will, and I am sure they ought not. And now, what is the vital distinction between

The Old and the New Type,

and the men who stand for both? Largely, it is the old distinction between idealism and practical work. But not altogether. The new Unionists are many of them hard-headed, keen fellows, with a shrewd eye to business and tactics, and in no way indifferent to the necessities of working their organisations on as sound a financial basis as some of the old Unions. I should call Tom Mann a person of this kind. I never talk with Tom without being impressed with his wonderful knowledge of trade matters, a skill in which not even veterans like Mr. Broadhurst excel him, and his cool, clear sense of what is practicable as against what he may think to be ideally desirable. So, more or less, with

John Burns.

When Burns runs a strike, his first idea is not to proclaim his principles "on the housetops" as to get it settled quickly, with dignity, and without fuss. He always gets on with the masters, for his manners are excellent, and there is a certain frank bonhomie about the man which is curiously "taking." Then, like the older leaders, like Broadhurst and Burt, his tastes are simple. Like Burt, he loves books and poetry, and has a fine little library of his own.

Like Broadhurst,

he is fond of harmless sport; though Broadhurst's favourite game is golf, and Burns loves, of all things, to slip down to the "Oval" and watch a good first-class cricket-match. In fact, if I were asked to repeat what I said at the opening of this paragraph—namely, that the new Unionists were the idealists, and the old the actualists, I should have to hesitate before I did it. The fact is that both types are mixed. They are both English—that is to say, they have their

MR. THOMAS BURT, M.P.

hard-headed and their viewy side. Only, in one type the latter is more accentuated than the former.

Mr. Shipton,

who at the moment of writing seems to be the most likely successor to Mr. Broadhurst in the Secretaryship to the Parliamentary Committee, is a Unionist of a somewhat different type to those I have mentioned. He is undoubtedly an able man, a good organiser, a persuasive speaker, and a clever hand at managing a committee. He has also had some very strong backers, and some of us can remember the day (now fifteen years ago) when George Odger, one of the most remarkable men ever associated with the labour movement, backed him against Henry Broadhurst for the very post for which he is now a candidate. Since then he has in some respects maintained and in others lost the position he then held in the Trade Unionist world. He is physically, perhaps, a contrast to a good many of his fellows. No one would at first sight detect the Trade Unionist leader in the dapper, well-dressed gentleman, of hospitable turn, whom he might meet in an evening train on the Underground railway. George is a man with tastes. He is a theatre-goer; he has seen life on the Continent, and knows the world better than most men of his class. But of late he has too closely identified himself with movements which, to say the least of it, lie outside the field of Trade Unionism proper. He is a Sugar Bounties man; he is a bimetallist; I am not sure that he is not a Protectionist. He has a perfect right to these opinions, but I confess I don't think they strengthen his claims as a representative of the purely working class. Nevertheless, his utility is unquestionable, his experience of the working of Trade Union movements is inferior to none, and (mainly through the vote of the delegates from Lancashire and in the provinces generally) I should not be surprised to see him chosen in Mr. Broadhurst's place.

As I recall the names and faces of some of the labour representatives who are just now thronging Hope Hall, I am reminded of

Gentle Thomas Burt,

who has attended the Congress for the first time for many years. I shall not readily forget the first time I saw him. It was in the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace at Lambeth. We were seated in the library, listening to a charming address of Mr. Lowell's, poet and American Minister, on Wordsworth's poetry. Mr. Burt has always been a student and lover of Wordsworth, and he was one of the most attentive of Mr. Lowell's listeners. I shall not easily forget the rapt look on his refined and patient face. As a speaker Thomas Burt has occasionally succeeded very well, but his deep Northumbrian "burr" makes him all but unintelligible at first hearing, and you have to get educated to his accent before you can quite catch it, or appreciate the good sense, the good feeling, and the quiet conviction which animate the man. Mr. Burt is a very good Committee man, and he especially excelled in the body which investigated the Royal grants question last year. He is popular on both sides of the House, is the most modest and unassuming of men, and perhaps holds stronger views on mining royalties than on any other of the advanced questions. He has had domestic trouble of late, which he has borne with his usual quiet patience.

John Morley.

Every now and then one hears rumours that Mr. John Morley is going to retire from politics. I fancy that in the earlier part of the Parliamentary year there was some ground for them, but that now Mr. Morley is likely to remain in the forefront of the battle for his party and his cause. The difficulty undoubtedly has been that in the House of Commons Mr. Morley cannot ever play more than second fiddle to Sir William Harcourt, whose Parliamentary experience and knowledge are necessarily greater than Mr. Morley's. The question is whether Mr. Morley cares to give up his literary career for such a position as he would then occupy, whether in Government or in Opposition. There is yet another consideration. Mr. Morley is not, and never has been, a rich man. He lives in a modest house Fulham way, far from aristocratic quarters, and his household is quietly conducted. But politics are an expensive business, and the man who has to rely on literature for a good part of his income is liable to be handicapped in the game. Nearly all his competitors on the Front Opposition Bench—Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Henry Fowler—are men of means, who can afford to give their whole leisure to politics. Can Mr. Morley? That is the question which arises, and which one hopes will be settled in the affirmative.

Lord Hartington's Love Story.

There is a very pretty story going the rounds of Lord Hartington's early engagement to the Dowager Duchess of Manchester. Before that lady's marriage with the late Duke, she and Lord Hartington were betrothed lovers. Lord Hartington was then what he is now—an unambitious man. The lady was of a very different type, and in the end the pair separated on this ground. After marriage, however, the old lovers became friends, and Lord Hartington found in the Duchess one of the ablest and most faithful of counsellors. Now the old tie has been renewed, and, in spite of the fact that the Duke's will gives the Duchess little in the event of re-marriage, the union will be completed in April next. I believe that the Duchess very strongly backed Lord Hartington in his decision to separate from Mr. Gladstone, and she has, no doubt, been largely responsible for the more active part which he has lately taken in affairs. With her at his side, Lord Hartington will, as Duke of Devonshire, be more likely to play a fighting part in politics than before. It will be an interesting development.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

The Queen at Balmoral

is well known to lead a simple and neighbourly life. While unrelaxing in her attention to the exacting State duties she is called upon to discharge, her Majesty ever takes a praiseworthy interest in the welfare of every member of the Royal household, thoughtfully remembering their birthdays by making them appropriate gifts. The Queen is pictured on an errand of sympathy. She is visiting a humble cottage near Balmoral, as is often her custom, in the company of her attached daughter Princess Beatrice. One of the happiest gatherings of the Royal family recorded for some time must have been that which took place at Mar Lodge last Monday. On that occasion, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, paid her first visit this season to Braemar. It may be imagined with what pleasure her Majesty's charming granddaughter, Princess Louise of Wales, Duchess of Fife, welcomed the Queen and her Royal relatives, and presided at the tea-table at which the Princess of Wales, be sure, looked as much like a sister of hers as Princesses Victoria and Maud did. A thoroughly popular match, the union of the Duke and Duchess of Fife has evidently turned out most happily, as everyone who has had the gratification of seeing the well-mated couple enjoying the opera and the play together in London must readily admit.

The Fair-haired Duke of Fife,

who looks like a young man of thirty, has long been a host of Royalty at his hospitable house at Braemar. But he could never have felt prouder as a host than he did upon the occasion of her Majesty's visit to himself and his young wife, and on the previous Friday night, when the Princess of Wales and her delightfully unaffected daughters entered with characteristic spirit into the dancing, and regularly enjoyed themselves. They *do* dance in Royal circles! No baleful Bayswater stiffness with *them* as they revolve in the irresistible waltz or gyrate in the Highland Schottische! "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!" is their motto in the ball-room. Their sensible example might well be generally followed. Let it be added that the news of these pleasant gatherings will, no doubt, hasten the visit of the Prince of Wales to Braemar, for his Royal Highness is particularly fond of his eldest daughter, and the Duke of Fife is a great favourite of his.

Mr. John Brinsmead.

The head of the firm of Brinsmead and Sons has, I understand, some new features in the manufacture of the pianoforte which he intends shortly to add to the many improvements he has already made in the instrument. Some of Messrs. Brinsmead's pianofortes are as near perfection as they can well be, but Mr. Brinsmead is not a manufacturer to rest on his oars. Descended from a good and ancient West of England family, Mr. John Brinsmead was born the year before the battle of Waterloo, and passed his boyhood at the little village of Wear Gifford, North Devon. As a child he had a great love of music, but his start in life was as a cabinet-maker, and his knowledge of that craft has been of the greatest use to him since. When he had thoroughly learned his trade, young Brinsmead came to London, and began to think of setting up as a pianoforte manufacturer, but he knew he must make himself acquainted with many things he had not learned in the cabinet-making. He began not as a journeyman, and worked his way upward, and in 1836 started on his own account. Mr. Edgar Brinsmead, in his pleasant little "History of the Pianoforte," has given an account of the many improvements made by his father. The many great mark of distinction he received was at the Exhibition of 1862, when he took the first class prize, and after that he gained honours at many other places, and in 1878 was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. His "Perfect Check of Repeater Action" is recorded in the Patent Office of 1868, and is a remarkable improvement in the action of the keys. It greatly simplifies the execution of difficult music and scale passages, and for that reason Brinsmead's pianofortes are admirable for the student. Among other peculiarities which I have examined with great care I have been struck with the "tone-sustaining pedal," by which the effect of vocal music can be nearly approached on a "grand" of this firm. Another merit of their instruments is the soundness of the workmanship, which especially fits them for changes of temperature. Mr. Brinsmead is essentially a man who "minds his own business," for but a few days ago I saw him busily engaged, tools in hand, examining the skeleton framework of a

BRAMBER CASTLE, DRAWN BY THE LATE SAMUEL READ.

new instrument in which he had discovered some flaw in the mechanism. His four sons follow the good old English plan of their father, and thus the firm is conducted on a system which can hardly fail. In political matters Mr John Brinsmead has Liberal views, and he is a steadfast supporter of the Church. With his fine open intelligent face, his frank honest speech, and utter freedom from affectation, Mr. Brinsmead is a typical Englishman

A Sussex Holiday

of a most enjoyable nature was spent on Saturday last by a band of cheery pilgrims—the Upper Norwood Athenæum Ramblers—of which blithe brotherhood Mr M. Pope is the indefatigable leader and honorary secretary. This was the 102nd ramble of Mr. Pope in connection with this genial fraternity; and on this present Saturday Mr. Pope will conduct a goodly company of his fellow-ramblers over Hatfield House, the historic home of the Marquis of Salisbury. A favoured guest at last Saturday's excursion of the Ramblers, I can vouch for the completeness of their arrangements. We were favoured by Mr. George Wright, the obliging station-master of the L. and B. terminus at Victoria, with a saloon-carriage, and found ourselves sooner than we expected at

Bramber Castle,

the chief object of the trip to the antiquaries of the party. All that is left of this ancient castle is pictured by the pencil of that most picturesque of artists the late Samuel Read. But, after a most agreeable and instructive ramble through Sompting and its old church, through shady country lanes with vistas of enticing landscapes, and through the ideal Old English town of Henfield and its interesting parish church, we were welcomed by mine Host West to one of the comfiest of hostelries, at once a snug inn and a capital hotel, the White Hart at Henfield, where, after a liberal collation, we were regaled with a most entertaining historical account of the places visited by our willing "guide, philosopher, and friend," of the occasion, Mr. J. Stanley. With Mr. Pope in the Chair, and Charles Dickens-all engrossed in the succinct history of Bramber Castle, the village of Bramber, Steyning and its St. Cuthman (of whose neat disposition Satan ere he had completed the Devil's Dyke amusing legend exists), and of hospitable Henfield, of whose White Hart (ideal place for a quiet honeymoon) Shenstone might well have written, but certainly without a sigh:—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

Teufel the Terrier.

Teufel, or "Devil," was a dog. Alas! he is now a dog, unless dogs are admitted into the Elysian fields. If, indeed, there be an Elysian field of dogland, we may be sure that Teufel has found admittance, for after duly sowing his wild oats—in other words, inflicting numerous bites on servants and others and swallowing his master's disposition—he became the most faithful of four-legged brutes and the maker of his master's fortune. In other words, Teufel was the favourite dog of

Mr. Yates Carrington,

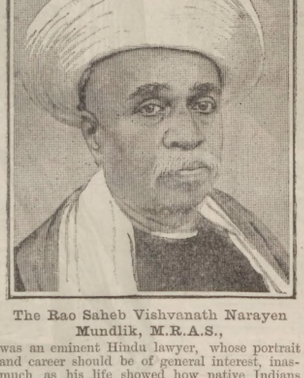
the well-known dog-painter, and he sat to him in every possible way, now for the picture called "Setting Players," now for one called "Grace before Meals," now for "Hamlet and Polonius," and again for the capital angling piece of "The Line and the Float." How all these pictures came to be painted, and what share Teufel had in the work, is it not written in the chronicles of "The Life and Adventures of an Artist's Dog," by J. Yates Carrington (*Pall Mall Gazette* Office, 1s.), which, alike for illustrations and letterpress, is a booklet from which one can get considerable entertainment?

Ober-Ammergau Again.

It is to be hoped that not many of the visitors to Ober-Ammergau have been quite as unfortunate as the family whose adventures are recorded in a Bavarian paper. This said family paid 437 marks (a mark is a shilling) for two days' accommodation, and, in addition, their maid fell ill of typhus from sleeping in a damp bed. The genial ruffian of a landlord charged yet another 500 marks "as compensation for infection." But then there was the "Passion Play," of which readers of the *Penny Illustrated* have heard so much. Yes, but the family never saw the "Passion Play." The place was densely crowded, and there were no tickets to be had. The moral of it would seem to be that one should go early or not at all. The *Penny Illustrated* representative went early, and he found the accommodation delightfully rustic, it is true, with bed-rooms in which you could knock your heads against the ceiling, and carpetless floors, and other unimportant features, but very much cheaper than at an hotel in the neighbouring Munich. And then he *did* see the "Passion Play," and liked it. Those who cannot see the play (as well as those who can) will do well to buy Mr. Stead's graphic and beautifully illustrated account (*Review of Reviews* Office, 1s.), which is by far the best record of the play that has yet been provided in book form.

Will the Milkmen Strike?

Most people have been on strike of late, but the milkmen are left to us, and their musical cry announces, day by day, that we have yet another hour of repose. But Mr. Milk-ho is discontented, and is talking about a strike. He says his hours are from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m. for six days in the week, while on Sunday he has very little less. He says that he has to be "out in all weathers, ofttimes drenched to the skin." The remedy suggested is that a short Act of Parliament might make it illegal to vend milk on Sundays after twelve, midday. "If the public would only study our comfort to this extent," he writes to a contemporary, "I am sure we should not mind how hard we worked for six days, so long as we could call a portion of the Sabbath our own." Meanwhile, no one would benefit by a strike—except the Condensed Milk Companies.



The Rao Saheb Vishvanath Narayen Mundlik, M.R.A.S.,

was an eminent Hindu lawyer, whose portrait and career should be of general interest, inasmuch as his life showed how native Indians may obtain some of the most prominent positions in the public service under British rule. There is a growing feeling in this country that India deserves far more of the attention of Parliament than it receives: in this respect, indeed, India is like England, for the interests of both have been scandalously neglected by the House of Commons. Happy is it for Great Britain that her Majesty numbers among the many millions of her Indian subjects hosts of Hindu gentlemen ready to serve the Crown and their native land as loyally as did the distinguished lawyer portrayed. The "Rao Saheb," as he was familiarly spoken of, was a Brahmin of Bombay, and devoted to that ancient cult. He had exceptionally good brain power, and began his studies early, entering the Elphinstone College at the age of fourteen. He became a great prize-winner; began public life at nineteen in the office of the late General Le Grand Jacob, Political Agent in Kattiawar. After much useful work in other capacities, he was in 1884 chosen by the Marquis of Ripon, then Viceroy, as member of the Supreme Legislative Council, being the first native of Western India who had obtained that distinction. He kept up his legal studies, and continued his literary work with characteristic assiduity. In fine, the "Rao Saheb" presented a noble type of the Hindu intellect and character, and afforded a notable instance of the scope there is for the advancement of natives of ability and application in India. The "Rao Saheb" was recognised as an able advocate in the High Court. All this time he was rendering valuable service as a citizen of Bombay, taking a prominent part in the working of the new Corporation of Bombay established by the late Sir Bartle Frere. Bombay will long cherish the memory of its distinguished citizen—type of the clear-brained Hindus who are willing to help England to govern India wisely and well under the sovereignty of their Empress and our well-loved Queen.

While on India,

let me commend to those who would familiarise themselves with that great country Mr. W. Martin Wood's two instructive volumes, "Things of India Made Plain," published by Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster-row. Formerly Editor of the *Times of India*, then of the *Bombay Review*, now the Special Correspondent of the *Indian Spectator*, Mr. Wood is eminently qualified to enlighten England on all matters vitally concerning the welfare of India.

Miss Alice Havers.

Art has lost a lady whose abilities would probably have been more fully recognised in France or Germany than in London, where, however, her work was greatly appreciated. Her life was lost through the fatal habit of taking a dangerous remedy for incessant pain. Injecting morphia for a violent attack of neuralgia, she became insensible, and, being in her studio, was unable to summon assistance. She had written a note to her medical man asking for some remedy. When the doctor came he administered remedies, and for a time the lady rallied, but, alas! only for a time. The "potent poison quite o'ercame her spirit," and in a few hours the bright clever artist was no more. Miss Alice Havers came came of an old and honoured family, and got excellent artistic training in Paris. She married Mr. Fred Morgan, the artist, but this union was not so fortunate as could have been wished. Alice Havers had a very bold, decided style, and she drew the figure or painted landscape with equal facility. Her style was so vigorous that once, when sending to a provincial gallery, her picture was supposed to be the work of a masculine painter, and the secretary sent up a request for her Christian name. Miss Alice Havers was generally well treated at Burlington House, and several of the R.A.s were partial to her work. She was known to a very large circle, and always put in an appearance at the private views. She was also a frequent visitor at the theatres, and the very last time I had the pleasure to meet her was at the Haymarket. If I remember rightly, it was on the first night of "A Village Priest." She was a woman of much taste and culture, and when in good health was very cheerful and animated, and her conversation was full of intelligence. Some of my playgoing readers will remember the pretty Savoy Theatre programme she designed. Poor Alice Havers! she passed from us at the early age of thirty-nine, a martyr to pain.

Autumn's Dramatic Season,

commenced with spirit by the successful production of "The English Rose" at the Adelphi and "Captain Thérèse" at the Prince of Wales's, will soon be in full fling. This (Saturday) evening will see the reopening of Drury Lane with a brand-new modern drama of the Turf and the Guards, "A Million of Money," by Mr. Augustus Harris and Mr. Henry Pettitt, whose fresh venture is confidently expected to be another "Run of Luck" for the National Theatre. As Mr. Benzon ran through a quarter of a million in two years, so, I believe, Mr. Charles Warner is to signalise his welcome reappearance on the London stage by showing how "A Million of Money" can be squandered on the boards in three hours. This is London "up to date" with a vengeance. "Thespis" will doubtless oblige next week with a review of this grand new drama and of Mr. Willard's "hit" in Mr. H. A. Jones's capital "Church and Stage Guild" sketch, "The Deacon," at the Shaftesbury.

Buckingham Palace,

stored with sunny memories of the kind-hearted consideration of the Royal family for all the Palace household in the happy days of her Majesty's residence therein, is a closed book to the great majority of the Queen's subjects. But so regally magnificent are the various State apartments of the Palace that it should be a matter of public interest that this book has been somewhat opened. The superbly decorated rooms are beautifully and artistically mirrored in the series of photographic views taken by Mr. Arthur Debenham and Mr. William Mealing, of the Royal Photographic Studios, Cowes, and 158, Regent-street. These remarkably fine views of the Ball-room and Picture Gallery, the sumptuous Drawing-room and resplendent Dining-rooms, quite make one long to visit Buckingham Palace. On a recent stroll through Mr. Arthur Debenham's Regent-street studio, I was also very much impressed with the supremely artistic beauty and the grace and naturalness of his excellent "At Home" photographs of Drawingroom débutantes and ball-room beauties — truly, the fine art of photography!

Charles Dickens's Granddaughter.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens unquestionably inherits much of the literary ability of her illustrious grandfather. This clever daughter of Charles Dickens the younger has distinguished herself by writing a powerful story of character and introspection, full of emotional strength, and strikingly dramatic in parts. It is entitled "A Mist of Error," and forms the Summer Number of *All the Year Round*. I took it up the other evening to seek relief from a stinging attack of neuralgia, and soon became so much absorbed in this moving tale of love and jealousy and extraordinary self-sacrifice as momentarily to forget the pranks my nerves were playing. Expend sixpence on the Summer Number of *All the Year Round*, and read Miss Mary Dickens's "Mist of Error," if you would enjoy a fresh bit of fiction. I beg to congratulate this worthy wearer of an honoured name upon the marked success she has just made in fiction, and hope to read many a similarly strong story from her pen.—THE PROMPTER.

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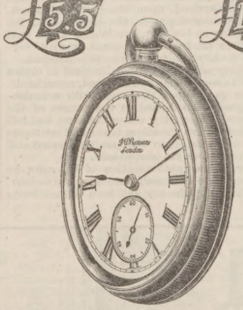

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TOBACCONISTS.—ILLD. GUIDE (229 pages, 3d.), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Co., 188, Euston-road, London. Shops fitted, every trade.—H. MYERS. Estab. 1866.—[ADVT.]

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ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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PART II.—CHAPTER XXII.

THE END OF WORLDLY TROUBLES.

NOT more than five minutes afterwards, Mrs. Elstree arrived upon the scene of wreck. The splintered panels, the broken lock, the axe lying on the floor, proclaimed aloud that there had been an Incident of some gravity—certainly what we have called a Deplorable Incident.

Such a thing as a Deplorable Incident in such a place and with such a man was, indeed, remarkable. Mrs. Elstree gazed upon the wreck with astonishment unfeigned: she turned to the tenant of the studio, who stood exactly where Armorel had left him. As the sea when the storm has ceased continues to heave in sullen anger, so that majestic spirit still heaved with wrath as yet unappeased.

In answer to the mute question of her eyes, he growled, and threw himself into his study-chair. When she picked up the axe and bore it back to its place, he growled. When she pointed to the door, he growled again.

She looked at his angry face, and she laughed gently. The last time we saw her she was pale and hysterical. She was now smiling, apparently in perfect health of body and ease of mind. Perhaps she was a very good actress—off the stage: perhaps she shook off things easily. Otherwise one does not always step from a highly nervous and hysterical condition to one of happiness and cheerfulness.

"There appears to have been a little unpleasantness," she said softly. "Something, apparently an axe—something hard and sharp—has been brought into contact with the door. It has been awkward for the door. There has been, I suppose, an earthquake."

He said nothing, but drummed the table with his fingers—a sign of impatient and enforced listening.

"Earthquakes are dangerous things, sometimes. Meanwhile, Alec, if I were you I would have the broken bits taken away." She touched the bell on the table. "Ford"—this was the name of the discreet man-servant—"will you kindly take the door, which you see is broken, off its hinges and send it away to be mended? We will manage with the curtain."

"What do you want, Zoe?"—when this operation had been effected—"what is the important news you have to bring me? And why have you given up your berth? I suppose you think I am able to find you a place just by lifting up my little finger? And I hear you have gone without a moment's notice, just as if you had run away?"

"I did run away, Alec," she replied. "After what has—been done"—she caught her breath—"I was obliged to run away. I could no longer stay."

"What has been done, then? Did Armorel tell you? No—she couldn't."

"She has told me nothing. I have hardly seen her at all during the last few days. Of course, I know that you proposed to her—because you went off with that purpose: and that she refused you—because that was certain. And, now, don't begin scolding and questioning, because we have got something much more important to discuss. I have given up my charge of Armorel, and I have come here. If you possibly can, Alec, clear up your face a little, forget the earthquake, and behave with some attempt at politeness. I insist," she added sharply, "upon being treated with some pretence at politeness."

"Mind, I am in no mood to listen to a pack of complaints and squabbles and jealousies."

"Whatever mind you are in, my dear Alec, it wants the sweetening. You shall have no squabbles or jealousies. I will not even ask who brought along the earthquake—though, of course, it was an Angel in the House. They are generally the cause of all the earthquakes. Fortunately for you, I am not jealous. The important thing about which I want to talk to you is money, Alec—money."

Something in her manner seemed to hold out promise. A drowning man catches at a straw. Alec lifted his gloomy face.

"What's the use?" he said. "You have failed to get money in the way I suggested. I haven't got any left at all. And we are now at the very end. All is over and done, Zoe. The game is ended. We must throw up the sponge."

"Not just yet, dear Alec," she said softly.

"Look here, Zoe"—he softened a little. "I have thought over things. I shall have to disappear for a while, I believe, till things blow over. Now, here's just a gleam of luck. Jagenal the lawyer has been here to-day. He came to tell me that he has discovered somehow something belonging to me. He says it will run up to nearly a thousand pounds. It isn't much, but it is something. Now, Zoe, I mean to convert that thousand into cash—notes—portable property—and I shall keep it in my pocket. Don't think I am going to let the creditors have much of that! If the smash has to come off, I will then give you half, and keep the other half myself. Meantime, the possession of the money may stave off the smash. But if it comes, we will go away—different ways, you know—and own each other no more."

"Not exactly, my dear Alec. You may go away, if you please, but I shall go with you. For the future, I mean to go the same way as you—with you—beside you."

"Oh!" His face did not betray immoderate joy at this prospect. "I suppose you have got something else to say. If that was all, I should ask how you propose to pay for your railway ticket and your hotel bill."

"Of course I have got something else to say."

"It must be something substantial, then. Look here, Zoe: this is really no time for fooling. Everything, I tell you, has gone, and all at once. I can't explain. Credit—everything!"

"I have read," said Zoe, taking the most comfortable chair and lying well back in it, "that the wise man once discovered that everybody must be either a hammer or an anvil. I think it was Voltaire. He resolved on becoming the hammer. You, Alec, made the same useful discovery. You, also, became a hammer. So far, you have done pretty well, considering. But now there is a sudden check, and you are thrown out altogether."

"Well?"

"That seems to show that your plans were incomplete. Your ideas were sound, but they were not fully developed."

"I don't know you this morning, Zoe. I have never heard you talk like this before."

"You have never known me, Alec," she replied, perhaps a little sadly. "You have never tried to know me. Well—I know all. Mr. Roland Lee, the painter, was one anvil—you played upon him very harmoniously. Effie Wilmot was another. Now, Alec, don't"—she knew the premonitory symptoms—"don't begin to deny, either with the 'D' or without, because, I assure you, I know everything. You are like the ostrich, who buries his head in the sand and thinks himself invisible. Don't deny things, because it is quite useless. Before we go a step farther I am going to make you understand exactly. I know the whole story. I have suspected things for a long time, and now I have learned the truth. I learned it bit by bit through the fortunate accident of living with Armorel, who has been the real discoverer. First I saw the man's work, and I saw at once where you got your pictures from, and what was the meaning of certain words that had passed from Armorel. Why, Armorel was the model—your model, and you didn't know it. And the coast scenery is her scenery—the Scilly Isles, where you have never been. I won't tell you how I pieced things together till I had made a connected story and had no longer any doubt. But remember the night of the Reading. Why did Armorel hold that Reading? Why did she show the unfinished picture? Why did she sing that song? It was for you, Alec. It was to tell you a great deal more than it told the people. If was to let you know that everything was discovered. Do you deny it now?"

"I suppose that infernal girl—she is capable of everything"——

"Even of earthquakes! No, Alec, she has told me nothing. They've got into the habit of talking—she and Effie and the painter man—as if I was asleep. You see I lie about a good deal by the fireside, and I don't want to talk, and so I lie with my eyes shut and listen. Then Armorel leaves everything about—manuscript poems, sketches, letters—everything, and I read them. A companion, of course, must see that her ward is not getting into mischief. It is her duty to read private letters. When they talk in the evening, Effie, who worships Armorel, tells her everything, including your magnificent attempt to become a dramatic poet. my dear boy—wrong—wrong—you should not get more than one ghost from one family. You should not put all your ghosts into one basket. When the painter comes—Armorel is in love with him, and he is in love with her; but he has been a naughty boy, and has to show true repentance before. . . . Oh! It's very pretty and sentimental: they play the fiddle and talk about Scilly and the old times, and Effie sighs with sympathy. It is really very pretty, especially as it all helped me to understand their ghostlinesses and to unravel the whole story. Fortunately, my dear Alec, you have had to do with a girl who is not of the ordinary society stamp, otherwise your story would have been given to the society papers long ago, and then even I could have done nothing for you. Armorel is a girl of quite extinct virtues—forbearing, unrevengeful, honourable, unselfish. You, my dear Alec, could never appreciate or understand such a girl."

"The girl is—a girl. What is there to understand in one girl more than in another?"

"Nothing—nothing. O great Poet and greater Painter!—Nothing. O man of fine insight and delicate fancy, and subtle intellect!—Nothing. Only a girl."

"I know already that they are not going to say anything more about it. They are going to let the whole business be forgotten. If anything comes out through you"——

"Nothing will come out. I told you because it is well that we should perfectly understand each other. You will never again be able to parade before me in the disguise of genius. This is a great pity, because you have always enjoyed playing the part. Never again, Alec, because I have found you out. Should you ever find me out, I shall not be able to walk with you in the disguise of . . . but you must find out first."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh! you must find out first. When you do find out, you will be able to hold out your arms and cry, 'We are alike at last. You have come down to my level: we are now in the same depths. Come to my arms, sister in pretence! Come, my bride!'" She spread out her arms with an exaggerated gesture and laughed, but not mirthfully.

"What on earth do you mean, Zoe? I never saw you like this before."

"No, we change sometimes, quite suddenly. It is very unaccountable. And now I shall never be anything else than what I am now—what you have made me."

[Drawn by Fred. Barnard.

Before Mrs. Feilding had left the gallery she had made twenty friends for life, and had laid a solid foundation for her Sunday evenings.

"What have you done, then?"

"Done? Nothing. To do something is polite for committing a crime? Could I have done something, do you think? Could I actually commit a crime? O Alec!—my dear Alec!—a crime! Well, the really important thing is that your troubles are over."

"By Jove! They are only just beginning."

"It is only money that troubles you. If it was conscience, or the sense of honour, I could not help you. As it is only money——how much, actually, will put a period to the trouble?"

"If I were to use Jagenal's promised thousand, I could really manage with two thousand more."

"Oh! Then, my dear Alec, what do you think of this?"

She drew out of her pocket a new clean white bank-book, and handed it to him.

He opened it. "Heavens, Zoe! What is the meaning of this?"

"You can read, Alec: it means what it says. Four thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds standing to my credit. Observe the name—wife, that is, of Feilding—Mrs. Alexander Feilding—Mrs. Alexander Alec! Mrs. Elstree has vanished. She has gone to join the limbo of ghosts who never existed. Her adored Jerome is there, too."

"What does it mean?"

"It means, again, that I have four thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds of my own, which, the day before yesterday, had nothing. Where I got that money from is my own business. Perhaps Armorel relented and has advanced this money—perhaps some old friends of my father's—he had friends, though he was reputed so rich and died so miserably—have quietly subscribed this amount—perhaps my cousins, whom you forced me to abandon, have found me out and endowed me with this sum—a late but still acceptable act of generosity—perhaps

my mother's sister, who swore she would never forgive me for going on the stage, has given way at last! In short, my dear Alec"——

"Four thousand pounds! Where could you raise that money?"

"Make any conjecture you please. I shall not tell you. The main point is that the money is here—safely deposited in my name and to my credit. It is mine, you see, my dear Alec; and it can only be used for your purposes with my consent—under my conditions."

"How on earth," he repeated slowly, "did you get four thousand pounds?"

"It is difficult for you to find an answer to that question," she replied, "isn't it? Especially as I shall not answer it. About my conditions now."

"What conditions?"

"The possession of this capital—I have thought it all out—will enable us, first of all, to pay off your creditors in full if you must—or at least to satisfy them. Next, it will restore your credit. Thirdly, it will enable you to live while I am laying the foundations of a new and more stable business."

"You?"

"I, my dear boy. I mean in future to be the active working and contriving partner in the firm. I have the plans and method worked out already in my head. You struck out, I must say, a line of audacity. There is something novel about it. But your plan wanted elasticity. You kept a ghost. Well, I suppose other people have done this before. You kept three or four ghosts, each in his own line. Nobody thought of setting up as the Universal Genius before—at least, not to my knowledge. But, then, you placed your whole dependence upon your one single family of ghosts. Once deprived of him—whether your painter, your poet, your story-teller—and where were you? Lost! You are stranded. This has happened to you now. Your paper is to come out as usual, and you have got nothing to put into it. Your patrons will be flocking to your studio, and you have got nothing to show. You have made a grievous blunder. Now, Alec, I am going to remedy all this."

"You?"

"You shall see what I am capable of doing. You shall no longer waste your time and money in going about to great houses. Your wife shall have her *salon*, which shall be a centre of action far more useful and effective. You shall become, through her help, a far greater leader, with a far greater name, than you have ever dreamed of. And your paper shall be a bigger thing."

"You, Zoe? You to talk like this?"

"You thought I was a helpless creature because I never succeeded on the stage, and could not even carry out your poor little schemes upon Armorel's purse, I suppose, and because I —— Well, you shall be undeceived."

"If I could only believe this!"

"You will find, Alec, that my stage experiences will not go for nothing. Why, even if I was a poor actress, I did learn the whole business of stage-management. I am going to transfer that business from the stage to the drawing-room, which shall be, at first, this room. We shall play our little comedy together, you and I." She sprang to her feet, and began to act as if she was on the stage. "It will be a duologue. Your rôle will still be that of the Universal Genius; mine will be that of the supposed extinct Lady—the Lady of the Salon—I shall be at home one evening a week—say on Sunday. And it shall be an evening remembered and expected. We shall both take Art seriously; you as the Master, I as the sympathetic and intelligent worshipper of Art. We shall attract to our rooms artists of every kind and those who hang about artistic circles: our furniture shall show the latest artistic craze: foreigners shall come here as to the art centre of London—we will cultivate the foreign element: young people shall come for advice, for encouragement, for introduction: reputations shall be made and marred in this room: you shall be the Leader and Chief of the World of Art. If there is here and there one who knows that you are a humbug, what matters? Alec"—she struck a most effective attitude—"rise to the prospect! Have a little imagination! I see before me the most splendid future—oh! the most splendid future!"

"All very well. But there's the present staring us in the face. How and where are we to find the—the successors to Lady Frances and Effie and"——

"Where to find ghosts? Leave that to me. I know where there are plenty only too glad to be employed. They can be had very cheap, my dear Alec, I can assure you. Oh! I have not been so low down in the social levels for nothing. You paid a ridiculous price for your ghosts—quite ridiculous. I will find you ghosts enough, never fear."

"Where are they?"

"When one goes about the country with a travelling company one hears strange things. I have heard of painters—good painters—who once promised to become Royal Academicians, and anything you please, but took to ways—downward ways, you know—and now sit in public-houses and sell their work for fifteen shillings a picture. I will find you such a genius, and will make him take pains and produce a picture worthy of his better days, and you shall have it for a guinea and a pint of champagne."

Alec Feilding gasped. The vista before him was too splendid.

"Or, if you want verses, I know of a poet who used to write little dainty pieces—*levers de rideau*, *libretti* for little operettas, and so forth. He carries the boards about the streets when he is very hard up. I can catch that creature and lock him up without drink till he has written a poem far better—more manly—than anything that girl of yours could ever produce, for half a crown. And he will never ask what becomes of it. If you want stories, I know a man—quite a young fellow—who gets about fifteen shillings a week in his travelling company. This fellow is wonderful at stories. For ten shillings a column he will reel you out as many as you want—good stuff, mind—and the papers have never found him out: and he will never ask what has become of them, because he is never sober for more than an hour or two at a time in the middle of the day, and he will forget his own handiwork. Alec, I declare that I can find you as many ghosts as you like, and better—more popular—more interesting than your old lot."

"If I could only believe"—— he repeated.

"You say that because you have never even begun to believe that a woman can do anything. Well, I do not ask you to believe. I say that you shall see. I owe to you the idea. All the working out shall be my own. All the assistance you can give me will be your own big and important presence and your manner of authority. Yes; some men get rich by the labours of others: you, Alec, shall become famous—perhaps immortal—by the genius—the collected genius, of others."

His imagination was not strong enough to understand the vision that she spread out before him. In a wooden way he saw that she intended something big. He only half believed it: he only half understood it: but he did understand that ghosts were to be had.

"There's next week's paper, Zoe," he said helplessly. "Nothing for it yet! We mustn't have a breakdown—it would be fatal!"

"Breakdown! Of course not, even if I write it all myself. You don't believe that I can write even, I suppose?"

"Well, you shall do as you like." He got up and stood over the fire again, sighing his relief. "At all events, we have got this money. Good Heavens! What a chance! And what a day! I stood here this morning, Zoe, thinking all was lost. Then old Jagenal comes in and tells me of a thousand pounds—said it would run to nearly a thousand. And then you come in with a bank-book of four thousand! Oh! it's Providential! It's enough to make a man humble. Zoe, I confess"—he took her hands in his, stooped, and kissed her tenderly—"I don't deserve such treatment from you. I do not, indeed. Are you sure about those ghosts? As for me, of course you are right. I can't paint a stroke. I can't make a rhyme. I can't write stories. I can do nothing—but live upon those who can do everything. You are quite sure about those ghosts?"

"Oh, yes! Quite sure. Of course I knew all along. But you must keep it up more religiously than ever, because the business is going to be so much—so very much—bigger. Now for my conditions."

"Any conditions—any!"

"You will insert this advertisement for six days, beginning to-morrow, in the *Times*."

He read it aloud. He read it without the least change of countenance, so wooden was his face, so hard his heart.

"On Wednesday, April 21, 1887, at St. Leonard's, Worthing, Alexander Feilding, of the Grove Studio, Marlborough-road, to Zoe, only daughter of the late Peter Evelyn, formerly of Kensington Palace Gardens."

"I believe," he said, folding the paper, "that was the date. It was three years ago, wasn't it? I say, Zoe, won't it be awkward having to explain things—long interval, you know—engagement as companion—wrong name?"

"I have thought of that. But it would be more awkward pretending that we were married to-day and being found out. No. There are not half a dozen people who will ever know that I was Armorel's companion. Then, a circumstance, which there is no need ever to explain, forbade the announcement of our marriage—hint at a near relation's will—I was compelled to assume another name. Cruel necessity!"

"You are a mighty clever woman, Zoe."

"I am. If you are wise, now, you will assume a joyful air. You will go about rejoicing that the bar to this public announcement has been at length removed. Family reasons—you will say—no fault of yours or of mine. It is your business, of course, how you will look—but I recommend this line. Be the exultant bridegroom, not the downcast husband. Will you walk so?"—she assumed a buoyant dancing step with a smiling face—"or so?" she hung a dejected head and crawled sadly.

"By gad, it's wonderful!" he cried, looking at her with astonishment. And, indeed, who would recognise the quiet, sleepy, indolent woman of yesterday in the quick, restless, and alert woman of to-day?

"Henceforth I must work, Alec. I cannot sit down and go to sleep any longer. That time has gone. I think I have murdered sleep."

"Work away, my girl. Nobody wants to prevent you. Are there any other conditions?"

"You will sell your riding-horses, and buy a victoria. Your wife must have something to drive about in. And you will lead, in many respects, an altered life. I must have, for the complete working out of my plans, an ideal domestic life. Turtle-doves we must be for affection, and angels incarnate for propriety. The highest Art in the home is the highest standard of manners that can be set up."

"Very good. Any more conditions?"

"Only one more condition. *J'y suis. J'y reste.* You will call your servant and inform him that I am your wife, and the mistress of this establishment. I think there will be no more earthquakes and broken panels. Alec"—she laid her hand upon his arm—"you should have done this three years ago. I should have saved you. I should have saved myself. Now, whatever happens, we are on the same level—we cannot reproach each other. We shall walk hand in hand. It was done for you, Alec. And I would do it again. Yes—yes—yes. Again." She repeated the words with flashing eyes. "Fraud—sham—pretence—these are our servants. We command them. By them we live, and by them we climb. What matter—so we reach the top—by what ladders we have climbed?" She looked around with a gesture of defiance, fine and free. "The world is all alike," she said. "There is no truth or honour anywhere. We are all in the same swim."

The man dropped into his vacant chair. "We are saved!" he cried.

"Saved!" she echoed. "Saved! Did you ever see a Court of Justice, Alec? I have. Once, when our company was playing at Winchester, I went to see the Assizes. I remember then wondering how it would feel to be a prisoner. Henceforth I shall understand his sensations. There they stand, two prisoners, side by side—a man and a woman—a pair of them. Found out at last, and arrested and brought up for trial. There sits the Judge, stern and cold: there are the twelve men of the jury, grave and cold: there are the policemen, stony-hearted: there are the lawyers, laughing and talking: there are the people behind, all grave and cold. No pity in any single face—not a gleam of pity—for the poor prisoners. Some people go stealing and cheating because they are driven by poverty. These people did not: they were driven by vanity and greed. Look at them in the box: they are well dressed. See! they are curiously like you and me, Alec"—she was acting now better than she ever acted on the stage—"The man is like you—and the woman—oh! you poor, unlucky wretch!—is like me—curiously, comically like me. They will be found guilty. What punishment will they get? As for her, it was for her husband's sake that she did it. But, I suppose, that will not help her. What will they get, Alec?"

He sat up in the chair and heaved a great sigh of relief.

"What are you talking about, my dear? I was not listening. Well; we are saved. It has been a mighty close shave. Another day, and I must have thrown up the sponge. We have a world of work before us, but if you are only half or quarter as clever as you think yourself we shall do splendidly." He laid his arm round her waist and drew her gently and kissed her again. "So—now you are sensible—what were you talking about prisoners for? No more separations now. Let me kiss away these tears. And now, Zoe—now—time presses. I am anxious to repair my losses. Where are we to find these ghosts? Sit down! To work! To work!"

PART II.—CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

A man may do a great many things without receiving from the world the least sign of regard or interest. He may write the most lovely verses—and no one will read them. He may design and invent the most beautiful play—which no one will act: he may advocate a measure certain to bring about universal happiness—but no one will so much as read it. There is one thing, however, by which he may awaken a spirit of earnest curiosity and interest concerning himself: he may get married. Everybody will read the announcement of his marriage in the paper: everybody will immediately begin to talk about him. The bridegroom's present position and future prospects, his actual income and the style in which he will live: the question whether he has done well for himself or whether he has thrown himself away: the bride's family, her age, her beauty, her *dot*, if she has got any: the question whether she had not a right to expect a better marriage—all these points are raised and debated when a man is married. Also, which is even more remarkable, whatever a man does shall be forgotten by the world, but the story of his marriage shall never be forgotten. A man may live down calumny; he may hold up his head though he has been the defendant in a disgraceful cause; he may survive the scandal of follies and profligacies; he may ride triumphant over misfortune: but he can never live down his own marriage. All those who have married "beneath" them—whether beneath them in social rank, in manners, in morals, character, in spiritual or in mental elevation, will bear unwilling and grievous testimony to this great truth.

When, therefore, the *Times* announced the marriage of Mr. Alexander Feilding, together with the fact that the announcement was no less than three years late, great amazement fell upon all men and all women—yea, and dismay upon all those girls who knew this Universal Genius—and upon all who knew or remembered the lady, daughter of the financial City person who let in everybody to so frightful a tune, and then, like another treacherous person, went away and hanged himself. And as many questions were asked at the breakfast-tables of London as there were riddles asked at the famous dinner-party at the town of Mansoul. To these riddles there were answers, but to those none. For instance, Why had Alec Feilding concealed his marriage? Where had he hidden his wife? And (among a very few), How could he permit her to go about the country in a provincial troupe? To these replies there have never been any answers. The lady herself, who certainly ought to know, sometimes among her intimate friends alludes to the cruelty of relations, and the power which one's own people have of making mischief. She also speaks of the hard necessity, owing to these cruelties, of concealing her marriage. This throws the glamour and magic of romance—the romance of money—over the story. But there are some who remain unconvinced.

The bridegroom wrote one letter, and only one, of explanation. It was to Mr. Jagenal, the family soliciter.

"To so old a friend," he wrote, "the fullest explanations are due concerning things which may appear strange. Until the day before yesterday there were still existing certain family reasons which rendered it absolutely necessary for us to conceal our marriage and to act with so much prudence that no one should so much as suspect the fact. This will explain to you why we lent ourselves to the little harmless—perfectly harmless—pretence by which my wife appeared in the character of a widow. It also explains why she was unwilling—while under false colours—to go into general society. The unexpected disappearance of these family reasons caused her to abandon her charge hurriedly. I had not learned the fact when you called yesterday. Now, I hope that we may receive, though late, the congratulations of our friends.—A. F."

"This," said Mr. Jagenal, "is an explanation which explains nothing. Well, it is all very irregular; and there is something behind; and it is no concern of mine. Most things in the world are irregular. The little windfall of which I told him yesterday will be doubly welcome now that he has a wife to spend his money for him. And now we understand why he was always dangling after Armorel—because his wife was with her—and why he did not fall in love with that most beautiful creature."

He folded up the note; put it, with a few words of his own, into an envelope, and sent it to Philippa. Then he went on with the cases in his hands. Among these were the materials for many other studies into the workings of the feminine heart and the masculine brain. The solicitor's tin boxes: the doctor's notebook: the priest's memory: should furnish full materials for that exhaustive psychological research which science will some day insist upon conducting.

In the afternoon of the same day was the Private View of the Grosvenor Gallery. There was the usual Private View crowd—so private now that everybody goes there. It would have been incomplete without the presence of Mr. Alec Feilding.

Now, at the very thickest and most crowded time, when the rooms were at their fullest, and when the talk was at its noisiest, he appeared, bearing on his arm a young, beautiful, and beautifully dressed woman. He calmly entered the room where half the people were talking of himself and of his marriage, concealed for three years, with as much coolness as if he had been about in public with his wife all that time: he spoke to his friends as if nothing had happened: and he introduced them to his wife as if it was by the merest accident that they had not already met. Nothing could exceed the unconsciousness of his manner, unless it was the simple and natural ease of his wife. No one could possibly guess that there was, or could be, the least awkwardness in the situation.

The thing itself, and the manner of carrying it through, constituted a *coup* of the most brilliant kind. This public appearance deprived the situation, in fact, of all its awkwardness. No one could ask them at the Grosvenor Gallery what it meant. There were one or two to whom the bridegroom whispered that it was a long and romantic story: that there had been a bar to the completion of his happiness, by a public avowal: that this bar—a purely private and family matter—had only yesterday been removed: nothing was really explained: but it was generally felt that the mystery added another to the eccentricities of genius. There was a something, they seemed to remember dimly, about the marriages and love-passages of Shelley, Coleridge, and Lord Byron.

Mrs. Feilding, clearly, was a woman born to be an artist's wife: herself, artistic in her dress, her manner, and her appearance: sympathetic in her caressing voice: gracious in her manners: and openly proud of a husband so richly endowed.

Alec presented a great many men to her. She had, it seemed, already made acquaintance with their works, which she knew by name: she betrayed involuntarily, by her gracious smile, and the interested, curious gaze of her large and limpid eyes, the genuine admiration which she felt for these works, and the very great pleasure with which she made the acquaintance of this very distinguished author. If any of them were on the walls, she bestowed upon them the flattery of measured and appreciative praise: she knew something of the technique.

"Alec is not exhibiting this year," she said. "I think he is right. He had but one picture: and that was in his old style. People will think he can do nothing but seacoast, rock, and spray. So he is going to send his one picture away—if you want to see it you must make haste to the studio—and he is going—this is a profound secret—to break out in a new line—quite a new line. But you must not know anything about it."

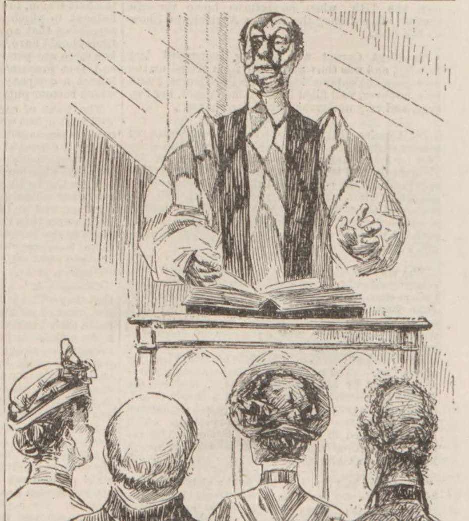
A paragraph in a column of personal news published the fact, the very next day, which shows how difficult it is to keep a secret.

Before Mrs. Feilding left the gallery she had made twenty friends for life, and had laid a solid foundation for her Sunday evenings.

In the evening there was a First Night. No First Nights are possible without the appearance of certain people, of whom Mr. Alec Feilding was one. He attended, bringing with him his wife. Some of the men who had been at the Private View were also present at the performance, but not many, because the followers of one art do not—as they should—rally round any other. But all the dramatic critics were there, and all the regular first-nighters, including the wreckers—who go to pit and gallery—and the friends of the author and those of the actors. Between the acts there was a good deal of circulation and talking. Alec presented a good many more gentlemen to his wife. Before they went home Mrs. Feilding had made a dozen more friends for life, and placed her Sunday evenings on a firm and solid basis. Her social success—at least among the men—was assured from this first day.

(*To be continued.*)

The *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[Advt.]



A DISCOURAGER OF ADVICE.

Rev. Mr. Buckaway.—"And lastly, my hearers, always wear a cheerful, encouraging face, with a happy smile." (And just then the sun got in through the stained-glass window in a spasm of variegated colour.)

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN intends to stay at Balmoral until Friday, Nov. 14, when the Court will remove to Windsor Castle. Her Majesty may pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Duff House, Banffshire, during the autumn—probably about the middle of October.

Her Majesty has sent a splendid cradle, richly gilded, to her great-grandson, the infant of the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, and the whole outfit for the child was bought in England by the Empress Frederick.

The Prince of Wales returns from Homburg, says *Truth*, on Saturday. H.R.H. will be the guest of Mr. Arthur Wilson, at Tranby Croft, near Hull, during Doncaster races; and on the night of Sept. 12 he goes thence to Scotland, to pay short visits to the Queen at Balmoral and the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Braemar, after which he proceeds to Denmark, and thence to Hungary.

The Emperor William (who braved the storm on his return voyage from Russia) has presented a large marble bust of himself to the Queen. It is to be placed in the grand corridor at Osborne.

The Princess of Wales would be rather surprised to read in an imaginative contemporary (says "Labby") that she possesses a collection of lace valued at £50,000, of which the foundation was a wedding-present from the late King of the Belgians, which cost him £10,000. The idea of old Leopold, who was among the meanest of mankind, giving anyone a gift worth £10,000 is rather comical. If the lace which he gave the Princess on her marriage had been offered for sale, it would certainly not have fetched more than £300.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale, on his forthcoming visit to Wales, will stay at Glamusk Park, the residence of Sir Joseph Bailey, Lord Lieutenant of Brecon, from Monday, the 15th inst., to Wednesday, the 17th, when he returns home through Cardiff, after visiting the Brecon Agricultural Show on the 16th.

President Carnot was slightly indisposed last Sunday, and was thus prevented from attending the race-meet at Fontainebleau. The Presidential Stand was, however, well filled by Madame Carnot, her two sons, and very numerous official personages.

Sir Charles Dilke addressed a large meeting of miners at Swansea on Monday. He argued that the case for an eight-hours legal day of labour was far clearer in regard to mining than in respect to any other occupation. He commended the complete system of education which the Welsh people had secured, and welcomed the existence in that part of the country of a national spirit, which he thought should not be satisfied with the creation of a Government department of Welsh affairs.

The sittings of the Trades Union Congress were commenced at Liverpool last Monday. The Standing Orders were suspended, and, on the motion of Mr. John Burns, a resolution was unanimously passed expressing heartfelt and cordial sympathy with the workers in Australia now on strike in defence of trades-union principles, and pledging the Congress to use every effort to obtain immediate monetary help for the strikers. The report of the Parliamentary Committee, read by Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., declared the Labour Conference at Berlin to be a step forward, enabling European Governments to become acquainted with the comparatively advanced position which labour occupied in this country. Some fruitful results of the Conference were to be seen in recent legislation in Germany.

Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien paid a visit to Archbishop Croke at Thurles on Monday, and the tenants of Mr. Smith Barry in Tipperary and Cashel presented them with addresses. Both gentlemen eulogised the action of the tenants, and stated that they were now going on a mission to America which would prove profitable to the tenants.

An unfortunate affray took place between half a dozen soldiers and a civilian named James Collyer, near the Guards' Camp at Bisley, on Sunday evening, which terminated in a private soldier named Thomas Townsend, of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, being shot dead by Collyer.

The Queen of Roumania had arranged to visit Windsor Castle on Monday, but her Majesty was unable to carry out her intention. Her Majesty visited Westminster Abbey, and was conducted over that edifice by Canon Duckworth. She has since left for Llandudno.

The European and Anglo-Indian Defence Association have memorialised the Viceroy of India in Council for the abolition of the income tax.

Two Italian tourists, accompanied by a guide, while ascending Mount Cervin, were surprised by a terrible storm. They were obliged to return, but the guide on the way back expired. After great difficulties the two tourists arrived at Zermatt, one being completely disfigured by pieces of ice driven by the wind, and the second with both hands frozen.

NEGRO MINSTREL (*log.*): "Sy, Sambo! We're not in it to-day!"

LONDON BY THE SEASIDE: HOW SOME COCKNEYS DRESS.

PROPOSED CHEMICAL UNION.

(*From the "Times" Money Article.*)

FOR some time past it has been known to the public that an attempt of some kind was being made to establish a Chemical Union for the purpose of taking over the works of nearly all the alkali-makers of the United Kingdom. It did not seem to us very probable that this audacious scheme would come to anything, for it was notorious in business circles that the great majority of the works in question were equipped with plant for producing soda by the Le Blanc process, which has been for some years superseded by the Solvay process, in which ammonia is used. Most of the Le Blanc works have, indeed, been carried on at a loss for a year or two past, and those which have contrived to make profits were only able to do so because the ammonia works had not until quite recently been able to produce bleaching powder cheaply. Now, however, that difficulty has been got over, and the single article which could still be produced profitably by the Le Blanc works is being manufactured successfully by their rivals.

Under these circumstances it is natural enough that the proprietors of the Le Blanc works should have tried to establish an association, on the lines of the Salt Union, in the hope that the public might be induced to purchase their works. It is, we think, surprising that any responsible persons outside the trade should have been found to take up this scheme, but there are persistent reports that this is the case, and that preparations are actually being made to launch a company for the purpose, with a capital which rumour puts as high as £9,000,000.

The want of caution of the ordinary investor is well known, but we hardly think that even the most careless person will be inclined to put money into the proposed Chemical Union when he knows the facts regarding it which we have already mentioned. It is not only the ammonia process which makes it difficult for the Le Blanc works to continue in successful operation. The progress of scientific discovery is constant, and we believe that quite recently further improvements in the manufacture of soda have been made in the United States, which will render it even more hopeless for the works furnished with the obsolete plant which the public is to be asked to buy to make a profit.

Of course it is urged by the promoters of the scheme that they will by their combination be able to raise the prices of soda and other chemicals sufficiently to make their business pay. They might be able to do so for a time—in fact, a considerable rise has already taken place, as our readers are aware; but the union would not profit by it long, for, first, the rise would lead to many new ammonia works being started, and, secondly, what is even more important, many of their most valuable customers would find it advantageous to start works of their own.

It is not conceivable that the makers of paper, soap, glass, and other articles requiring chemicals for their production will quietly submit to having the price of an important raw material raised fifty or sixty per cent. when they can do otherwise, and the trades affected are too strong to be forced into submission. We hope that this ill-advised project will be dropped, and the proprietors of Le Blanc works will make up their minds to the fact that their machinery is old and their process antiquated, and that the best thing they can do is to modernise both.

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 4½d. each.—[ADVT.]

"CLEANING SILVER."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using GODDARD'S NON-MERCURIAL PLATE-POWDER. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[ADVT.]

TO CURE SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of* "*The Penny Illustrated Paper.*"]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANT READER (Britton Ferry).—You seem to be a monthly tenant, and we think that a month's notice to quit will be sufficient. It should be given in writing on one of the days when your rent is due.

A CONSTANT READER.—The notice should be given to expire on the 25th day of the month.

MARJORY does not say what she signed. What was it? The feminine privilege of altering one's mind does not entitle "Marjory" alone to alter her written agreement.

A. C. R.—A domestic servant leaving a situation after two months' service cannot claim her travelling expenses to the situation, unless it was expressly agreed that such expenses should be paid to her.

LE LOI.—There would be very little risk if you gave written notice to your former tenant that, unless the rent were paid, the goods would be sold by you for the amount after, say, fourteen days.

RENT.—Your landlord can require you to pay up all arrears of rent due before you remove your goods.

A. JACOBS.—The executor or administrator of your deceased customer is the person liable, and, if there be no executor or administrator, then the wife is liable as administratrix (*de son tort*) to the extent of any of her husband's goods which she may hold, but no further.

B. O. Y.—If the gulley has always been there, or if the driver ought to have seen it and exercised more care, no damages could be recovered, otherwise it is a case in which there is some chance of recovery, if actual failure to discharge a duty can be shown on the part of the highway authority. But there are nice questions of law involved in such a case as this, and a solicitor should be consulted before any proceedings are taken.

COQUELICOT.—(1) A man married since Dec. 31, 1882, is only liable for his wife's debts to the extent of the property which he shall have acquired from or through his wife. (2) It does not appear from your letter whether, in the case of the wife's ante-nuptial debt for which the husband was sued, the husband obtained any property from the wife. But even if he were not responsible for the debt, there being a judgment against him, the execution levied upon his goods cannot be said to be illegal. He should have given notice of his intention to defend. (3) The only remedy the husband has in such a case as this is to apply to the County Court to set aside the judgment and for a new trial. Such an application might succeed if there is a meritorious defence. But the husband should, as a first step, consult a solicitor, and instruct him to take the necessary proceedings promptly.

HARRIS.—An agreement to let a house for a term not exceeding three years from the date of the agreement should be in writing and witnessed, and stamped according to the amount of the rent.

CHILDERIC.—Proceedings for perjury, such as you mention, should be taken very promptly. But reconsider the matter. Many people say they will take such proceedings. If it is really a case of gross perjury, you can communicate with the Treasury Solicitor and ask him to prosecute, if the local police will not do so. Otherwise, you may find yourself put to a lot of trouble, expense, and risk, should you attempt to initiate criminal proceedings of this character yourself.

A CONSTANT READER (Dittisham).—The offices of churchwarden and overseer are generally compulsory, but certain persons are exempt from service—namely, Peers, members of Parliament, sheriffs, justices, clergymen, priests, ministers of religion, barristers, solicitors, registered medical practitioners, officers in the Army and Navy, and a few others. Persons appointed overseers must be householders, but no personal responsibility for payment of rent or taxes is essential. A woman may be an overseer; so may a labourer who is a householder. Subject to the above exceptions, by an appeal to Quarter Sessions, any person appointed must serve as an overseer, or he is, strictly speaking, liable to be indicted. LEX.

A WARNING.

WO maidens fair,
with yellow hair,
And striped dresses gay,
From morn till night with main and might
Did at lawn-tennis play.

Soon the fame of their famous game
Spread to the neighbouring towns;
Men came to stare at their yellow hair,
Their playing, and their gowns.

Many admired, but none aspired
To court and marry these two.
"Their playing is grand, but we understand
'Tis all that they can do."

Now youth is gone, they still play on,
And still they have renown,
For the small boys, naughty, say "Thirty-forty"
Is their nickname through the town.

M. W. F.

Otto Leuth, only sixteen years of age, was hanged on Aug. 29, in the Ohio Penitentiary, for the murder, fifteen months ago, of a girl nine years old. Brockley Smith, another murderer, was hanged at the same time.

WE ARE FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE.

THE circulation of the blood and the various offices in the human economy it performs suffices to prove that—

Vitality being the essence or principle of life itself, the blood is rightly termed the Vital Fluid.

Blood flows from the heart in the arteries, and to the heart in the veins.

Arterial blood is, or should be, of a bright red or scarlet tint.

Venous blood is purplish in colour, or red with a blackish tinge.

Pure arterial blood conveys and imparts nourishment to every function of the body. Thus is the body kept from wasting away.

Venous blood, on the other hand, is charged with waste and discarded particles in a state of chemical solution. The veins are therefore something of sewage channels.

By chemical solution is meant a fluid holding matters dissolved therein, just as salt is held in solution in salt-water.

The worn-out and rejected matters of venous blood are absorbed in minute proportions by myriads of little secretory vessels situate along the channel of the veins.

These vessels abstract the impurities and force or wash them out of the body by the skin and kidneys.

Let us follow the blood to the heart.

When the blood reaches the ventricles of the heart, nature, by its mere instant exposure to the air, purifies and oxygenises the blood.

This is done by the exhalation of carbonic impurities into the atmosphere as the blood leaps from one ventricle to the other, and by the revitalisation of the blood by the action of the oxygen of the air upon it.

The air that effects this purification is that which we inhale at every breath. Hence the vital importance of breathing fresh, pure air.

The blood thus purified and oxygenised then receives, in a manner not yet sufficiently understood, supplies of nutriment, being the assimilated products of digestion as the result of what we eat.

The blood is now pumped anew into the arteries, and traverses the body afresh.

At every heart-beat the blood leaps from one ventricle to another, and is then pumped into the arteries, so that the processes briefly described are always going on, by day and by night, all our lives long.

It is not easily to be realised how such a complex function of the blood may become disordered.

The blood may receive impurities and disease germs from the air, from the stomach, and through the skin from without. Or injurious gaseous ferments may get into the blood from gaseous ferments in the intestines as the result of constipation.

Probably the most frequent exciting cause is that, too much work being thrown upon them, the tiny channels leading to the pores of the skin become partially choked, thereby imprisoning waste and worn-out particles in the blood, which should be properly exhaled into the air through the pores of the skin, and thus got rid of.

These imprisoned matters soon decompose and breed disease elements, and then when these latter are carried into the arterial circulation disease germs are conveyed to all parts of the body.

It is by such means that the burning and itching poison of Eczema, the Uric Acid of Rheumatism, and the putrient impurity, causing Sores, Ulcers, Scrofula, and pustulent diseases are evolved. Many an attack of blood and skin disease has been provoked by a chill and cold, by the contraction of the inner skin pores, and consequent check on exhalation of the blood it is needful that the disease poison should by degrees be neutralised—that is, rendered harmless—and then little by little that the dormant germ of the complaint should be eradicated by expulsion, lest it wake again to life and breed anew. And these powers should be obtained without any injurious effects, nor should constipation be caused, nor any hurt caused to any function by violent shock and consequent reaction.

How few are the blood medicines possessing these virtues! And of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS only can it be said that—

They are pure, simple, and palatable, while being positively beneficial to the strong and the weak alike.

Unlike other alterative blood medicines, FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS do not while treating one disease create another.

Nor do they cause constipation, for they are a specific for it.

Nor do they cause or intensify hemorrhoids. They are alike beneficial for, and preventive of, this painful complaint.

Nor do they injure the digestion; on the contrary, when there is fermentation, for instance, FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS allay the symptoms.

Nor do they injure the liver; quite otherwise, for they gently stimulate it when torpid, and exercise a wise control where there is excess of bile.

Nor do they injure the nerves or brain, but rather again improve their tone and vigour by the improvement imparted to the circulation of the blood.

Add to these qualities that FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS are both pleasant to the eye and taste, and you have a most valuable medicine in a most attractive guise. What wonder, then, that children will take FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS freely, without coercion, to the certain benefit of the little ones, while their elders are quite as glad to be free of the nauseousness of nasty compounds as are children themselves.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

Samples of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS will be sent gratis and post free on application. Name *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. FRAZER'S TABLETS are put up in packets, price 1s. 1½d. (post free 1s. 3d.) Beware of imitations. Dealers may tell you imitations are better, but this is a falsehood told to make larger profits on the counterfeit when ours is asked for. Have FRAZER'S and none other. Sole Proprietors, FRAZER AND CO., 11, LUDGATE SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.—[ADVT.]

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

F. J. Osmond,

whose records have hitherto all been made on the ordinary bicycle with hard tyres, on Saturday last turned his attention to safety bicycles with pneumatic tyres. He rode in a mile handicap for safety bicycles at Leyton. His own machine being broken, he used that of L. Stroud, of Oxford University, and upon it lowered the mile record on grass to 2 min. 50 sec., more than 23 sec. worse than the track record. Grass records are not too satisfactory, so much depending upon the condition of the turf at the time, while the correct measurement of the temporary course is not always guaranteed. The occasion was the autumn meeting of

The Spartan Harriers.

The Essex County C.C. has wisely followed the lead of the Surrey C.C., and is swelling its funds by means of athletic meetings. Osmond also rode in the mile handicap for ordinaries, but was fifth in a race won in 2 min. 55 1-5 sec.—another feather in the cap of the pneumatic safety.

By the way, all pneumatics were penalised seventy yards on this occasion, but this did not prevent five of the seven competitors in the final using them.

Much interest centred in the

Three Quarters of a Mile

scratch race, which was won by T. White (Spartan H.) in 3 min. 17 1-5 sec.

The meeting was not well patronised by the Paddington division, and the open flat races depended very much on the club for their success. Why the northern clubs failed to support this meeting I do not know.

The Mile Championship

for professional swimmers, to which is attached the *Sporting Life* challenge cup, has before now been a bone of contention between J. Finney and J. Nuttall. Finney's specialty is sea-swimming, and the rougher it is the better it is for him, but on Saturday, at Brighton, Nuttall gave him no chance whatever, for, taking a lead early in the race, he won by a hundred yards. His time was 28 min. 7½ sec.

Nuttall is only just twenty-one years of age, so affords another instance of the suitability of youth for excellence in swimming, for he leaves behind him some years of successful racing, both as amateur and professional.

Saturday saw the conclusion of the

First-class County

cricket-matches, though the question of championship had long since been decided in favour of Surrey, who, having won nine and lost three of fourteen matches played, led the other six counties with a total of six points, no notice being taken of drawn games. Had Kent only managed to consummate that

Defeat of Surrey

in the Canterbury week which they were so nearly accomplishing, Surrey's points would have been five, while Kent, instead of being third, would have tied with Lancashire for second place, with four points.

Up to Saturday last, Lancashire tied with Kent for second honours, but the victory over Notts, who seem to have become worse and worse, gave them their leading point. Lancashire declared their second innings closed with only one wicket to fall, but Mr. Hornby thought his bowlers capable of getting Notingham out in the bare three hours remaining; and he was right, for the Notts men were all out in two hours and a half.

The contrast between the first and the second half of Nottingham's season is remarkable, and victory and defeat seem to have depended almost entirely upon the success or failure of Shrewsbury or Gunn to make a big score. Shrewsbury has been dead "off" for a long time, while Gunn has played well in matches. He did not exhibit one of these in the match with Lancashire, for he was out in each innings

Without Scoring a Run,

to the detriment of his batting average, which was till then 35·32, though he still comes a good second to Shrewsbury, and, with exactly the same number of innings played—namely, forty-six—leads W. G. Grace, who is third.

W. G. Grace,

as he has done once or twice before this season, came out very successfully with the ball on Saturday, finishing off the Gentlemen of England v. I Zingari match in favour of England, in fine style, four wickets falling to him for eighteen runs.

The statement that the amateurs are better batsmen than bowlers is well borne out by the batting and bowling averages. Taking the first nine bowlers, only two of them are amateurs, and they are the two first-class cracks, Turner and Ferris. Taking the first nine batsmen, four are amateurs, while the amateurs in the next nine number five.

In the

Australians'

match with Staffordshire, Turner and Ferris, who bowled throughout, had matters after their own fashion, Ferris taking eleven wickets for 59 runs and Turner nine for 55. Staffordshire were beaten in a single innings.

The week has seen the usual lowering of cycling records, the chief work in this direction being done in the North Road Cycling Club's

Twenty-Four Hours' Ride,

which started from Hitchin at midnight on Friday. That well-known long-distance rider

M. A. Holbein

was once more at his best, and in twelve hours he covered 178 miles, which is two and a half miles better than his previous record. At this point he was leading T. A. Edge by about a mile. He continued to gain at the same rate, and completed

336½ miles

in the twenty-four hours, beating the old record by twelve miles and a half. Edge was a capital second, with 334 miles.

The tricycle record for twenty-four hours was also beaten, F. T. Bidlake covering 289 miles, which is nine miles better than the previous best.

Holbein rode a "Whippet" safety.

BANSHEE.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of deafness and noises in the head of twenty-three years' standing by a simple remedy will send a description of it free to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford-square, London, W.C.—[ADVT.]

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all INSECTS (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in TINS, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

THE RACING WORLD

VERILY, I believe the good folk who arrange our

Racing Programmes

think we are like the cab horse which, according to his driver, would fall down if he missed the shafts' support. We are supposed to want keeping up for big meetings by a prelude of extra hard work. Take

Doncaster in the St. Leger Week.

There is hard work for all, if you like. One would be pleased to lead up to the toils and roughings of the great meeting of the North by means of a sort of off-week, certainly not more than four days' sport. What do we get? Why, three days most bustling fast and hard business at Derby—an establishment apparently arranged with an eye to all-round discomfort for all not members of its club. On top of these three days come two at Sandown. From Tuesday till Saturday you must be right at it if you would keep up with the times, and then get on to Doncaster on Monday afternoon.

St. Leger Anticipations.

Martagon and Alloway, both trained by Ryan, are said to be certain runners. St. Serf will, I think, hold Martagon safe, but Alloway we cannot so summarily dismiss. This is a big colt, and an improving one. True, he failed to give over a stone to Hebrides, but that must not count so much against him. He is a lot better than Ponza, and a colt, too, who runs farther each time he is pulled out. I don't say that Alloway ought to win, but he ought not to be much of an outsider. Gonsalvo will not win for me.

Queen's Birthday

is a far more likely customer. Mr. Lascelles's colt has not been beaten this year, and of late has made any number of friends among good judges. We do know that he can stay the Sellinger distance, which is more than can be advanced on behalf of any other candidate. Friends well in Northern stables tell me I must not leave Queen's Birthday out of my lot. So I will not let him run loose.

Right Away, fit and well, and as good proportionately as he was last season, would go near to taking the stake, but he has been infirm for some time, and I cannot stand cripples for a Sellinger.

I cannot tell readers more than they know about Surefoot. The colt pleases his trainer and stable connections. He does plenty of long work, and apparently thrives on it. All concerned will assure you that the colt who would not try at Epsom and could not stay at Ascot can now get a couple of miles. The explanation of the apparent mystery is supposed to lie in difference of training. Want of strong enough work lost his races in Surrey and Berkshire. If that is so, he will not lose the Leger for like reason, for he keeps doing two miles at capital pace. Frankly, I cannot believe in his staying, unless the theory as to training be very well justified. Since he came out as a three-year-old, I have never seen him run at the last like a stayer. My expectation that

Sainfoin

will beat him once more may not be popular, but it is quite reasonable. Sainfoin was, perhaps, lucky to get the Derby: the pace may have just suited him. But there was no luck about his victory over Surefoot at Ascot—a triumph of small value, be it noted, because Amphion will beat the pair. Still, the public trial ought to give Sainfoin the preference. The colt is well, and his friends are confident of following the Epsom win with a Leger success.

Somehow, though the market tends to make

Blue Green

the most promising candidate in the Kingsclere establishment, there is what the ring calls better money for the Duke of Westminster's representative than for Sir James Miller's. The Sainfoin investments come from the public generally, while most of the deals for Blue Green have been on behalf of speculators well informed concerning doings at home. Blue Green has run on notably on two or three occasions, and it is mainly on account of the way he collared Memoir in the Newmarket Stakes that he has such firm supporters among professional backers. Of Memoir I need only say that her long spell of rest consequent on her accident ought to put her out of court. She held a great chance, but want of regular work must settle it. Her stable companion, St. Serf, has made more improvement since the spring than any other horse in the race. I rate his later performances very highly. Though I cannot quite see how to take him in my little lot against the field, I must warn all readers with backing books on the race not to let him be a loser.

Heaume

has for the last few days been favourite, thanks to weight of money from the Rothschilds' stable. Those who should know best about Hayhoe's colt are most confident. He won the French Derby handsomely, after being knocked about, and has pleased his trainer since his return to Newmarket. It is, perhaps, in his favour that some of the touts at headquarters will not hear of his winning. The only weak point in his advocates' argument seems to me to be the bad form generally in which the stable has been of late. Not only have they been out of form, but out of luck too, which is quite as bad. Possibly the luck is about to turn. It would be a big instalment of that same to take a Leger.

Orwell will run in order to make a pace for Blue Green. He made a fair show in the Derby, but what a wretched figure he has cut since then!

A faithful few cling to the hope of finding Oddfellow handy at the finish. One of our best jockeys told me, after Oddfellow had done so badly at Leicester in Surefoot's race, that Mr. Brampton's colt was just the sort to take the Leger. I asked my friend, after Ponza's performance at Kempton Park, what he thought of Doncaster's course as suiting Oddfellow. He said then that he didn't believe the course was made that would suit the beast. On that I gave the creature up, more by token, but my opinion pretty nearly coincides with the horseman quoted.

To sum up from all these pros and cons., I shall trust to

Sainfoin, Blue Green, and Heaume

to pull me through, and if I have a choice among the three it is for Sainfoin.

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PAIN KILLER.

FRESH SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE: NO. 2.—THE SUNDAY EVENING BAND IN HYDE PARK.

LONDON TRUE TO LIFE.

LONDON'S out of town! Is it? Watch the throng that flocks into the pit of the Adelphi Theatre each night to rejoice in the exciting and sympathetic new Irish melodrama of "The English Rose"! Take your seat any night in the brightly illuminated gardens of the French Exhibition or Military Exhibition, and note the many happy hundreds appreciating the inspiriting strains of the military bands playing in the open-air orchestras! See how the "garden seats" of 'bus and tramcar are filled by London lads and lasses on any fine day! Dive into the densely populated courts and alleys of Whitechapel and "the Mint," observe how big and little Londoners of the ragged kind literally swarm in Poverty-land; and then judge how few of London's millions, after all, are really out of town.

Why, in the very centre of the fashionable world of London, near the spot where the frivolous Society birds-of-paradise delight in the London Season to display their gay plumage, there continues to be drawn a vast assemblage every Sunday evening, as Mr. Fred. Pegram well depicts in the above drawing of the Hyde Park Sunday Band. That supreme mockery of Religion, the Sunday Church Parade, has gone, with the flight of nearly all the gregarious booth-owners in Vanity Fair. Rotten Row and the Ladies' Mile are comparatively deserted. But the Sunday Night Park Band, near the eastern end of the Serpentine, still delights thousands. This is the happy hunting-ground of pretty shop-girls and their sweethearts, natty milliners and their mates, bonnie barmaids and their cavaliers; and the sprinkling of stalwart Guardsmen imparts a due dash of colour to the gay scene. Always most zealous in giving a fillip to Music—for no one is more active in the encouragement of this humanising art—the Prince of Wales is on the public-spirited Committee to which Londoners are indebted for the Hyde Park Band.

There is nothing more enlivening, nothing at the same time more solacing, than good music. What could be more agreeably diversified than the programme of Sunday evening last, comprising, as it did, Berlioz's vivacious "Hungarian March," José Aviles's too-stirring Mexican Dance, Mendelssohn's melodious "Spinning Song," the fine Selection from Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," the exhilarating "Tornado Galop" of Carl Hause, the sweetly seductive waltz of V. L. Shotton (the excellent conductor), called "Du liegst mir im Herzen," Beethoven's exquisite "Sonate Pathètique," Prandau's delightful "Olden Days Gavotte," the bewitching waltz by Edouard Strauss, "Das Leben ist doch Schön," and the animated "Flying with Thee Galop" to wind up with?

To my mind, there is no measuring the amount of good occasioned by such open-air concerts. They insensibly cheer and comfort thousands of humble workers, who have far too little harmony in their lives. They so brace and renovate the mind that the labour of the ensuing week must be lighter. Under these circumstances, it is a matter of genuine regret that the National Sunday League (on which the veteran Mr. R. M. Morrell yet serves with commendable zeal) has, for simple lack of the public pence that ought to have been forthcoming, been compelled to discontinue the Sunday Bands that have during the Summer afforded healthy entertainment to thousands in Regent's Park and other of our pleasure parks.

THE OBSERVER.

A GREAT LONDON FIRE: THE CONFLAGRATION ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE THAMES AT RATCLIFF.

A LONDON RIVERSIDE FIRE, terrible alike in its dangers and its picturesqueness, inevitably recalls the disastrous and memorable Tooley-street conflagration. But it was on the north bank of the Thames that the fire depicted by a *P.I.P.* Artist occurred. The energies of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade were taxed to an extraordinary extent the last Friday morning in August, for, in addition to two very serious fires in the City and at Haggerston, the firemen had to cope with one of those enormous and lasting conflagrations which break out periodically in vast timber or coal stores, and rage for hours. Early that morning a vast riverside coal store burst into flames, and half the force of the brigade—concentrated rapidly from all parts of the Metropolis—had to be engaged for hours at the work of extinction.

The scene of this great fire was the

Old Sun Wharf,

Narrow-street, Ratcliff, used by several firms for the purpose of the storage of coal. Soon after daylight great volumes of smoke were seen rising from the wharf, and the alarm of fire was rapidly raised. In the course of a few minutes a sudden burst of flames came from all parts of the great four-storeyed building, and it was at once apparent that the fire had obtained a very strong hold. The nearest fire-alarms were rung, and a man ran into the fire-station at Glamis-road, Shadwell, and called the firemen to "the Old Sun Wharf, well alight." The steamer was at once turned out, and the news telephoned to the district centre at Commercial-road East, and the experience of the authorities there as to the

Dangerous Character of the Locality

for great fires caused them instantly to order on steamers from Whitechapel, Hackney, Bethnal Green, Mile End, Bow, Poplar, the Isle of Dogs, Bishopsgate, Shoreditch, and Stoke Newington. Even as these engines turned out of their stations the light of the fire could be plainly seen, and when even the earliest contingents arrived at the fire the scene was one which fairly baffles description. For forty yards one way and twenty another an enormous furnace was raging and blazing with terrific heat, and

Thousands of Tons of Coal

were becoming more and more involved in the flames every minute. The four-floored building, 120 ft. by 60 ft. in dimensions, was burning from end to end, and the entire wharf was, in fact, on fire. The spectacle was a grand one for those who had not arduous and anxious work before them, for the river Thames and the adjacent shipping, docks, and warehouse premises were brightly illuminated, and presented a most singular aspect under the strange and lurid glare.

The River Fire-Engines.

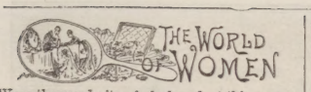
The Ajax float from Pimlico, the Beaver from Charing-Cross, the Cormorant from Shadwell, the Dodo from Rotherhithe, and all the other floating rafts and engines of the brigade were dispatched to the scene, and as the tide served for the occasion, fortunately, these powerful pumping forces made their way to spots in the river opposite the fire, and began to throw thousand of gallons of water on the flames.

From the Headquarters at Southwark

the steamer and a hose-van with 1000 ft. of hose were dispatched to the scene, and the coal-van was kept running between that station and the fire to supply the steamers with coal. The fire was thus attacked from both land and water, and with a force which was greater than that which was employed at Whiteley's great fire, or even at the Wood-street fire. Seventeen steamers were pumping water on the flames on land, and

Over a Hundred Firemen

were engaged at the scene in handling the deliveries and in trying to prevent the conflagration spreading to adjoining premises. An immense quantity of water was thrown on the great masses of blazing coal, but for hours the working of the brigade did not appear to have the slightest effect, and all steamers and floats had to be kept working as the morning advanced. By seven o'clock, however, the fire was practically surrounded, and it then only became a matter of simple pumping on the flames until they were subdued or had burnt themselves out. When the floors and roof fell in, the firemen had some very narrow escapes, but fortunately not one of them was seriously injured.



WITH the regularity of clockwork at this season, when Parliament is "up," as it is called, and very little that is exciting of any kind is going on in the world of men or women, the *Daily Telegraph* breaks out into a correspondence upon some subject supposed to be of great interest to the community at large. One year we had Shakspere; the next,

"Is Marriage a Failure?"

and at the end of three months I am bound to say that great question remained unanswered, and has not been settled to this day. Next in order, I think, came "What are we to do with our daughters?" That problem is also still unsolved, for this year it has come up again in another form, the knotty point now being

"Matrimonial Agencies"—

that is, the question to be decided is, Whether is it wise or foolish, desirable or undesirable, for a bachelor, or a spinster, to try to find husband or wife, as the case may be, by means of a matrimonial agency, or by advertisement? Now, as there is no moral question, but merely a question of expediency, involved in this matter, there are, of course, endless varieties of opinion on the subject. Many men and women think an agency, or an advertisement, an excellent mode of securing

A Partner for Life.

Others, again, think no mode could well be worse, and declare that the men and women who resort to it deserve to be taken in. I do not agree with the advocates on either side. There are circumstances under pressure of which it might be well to risk the agency or the advertisement column; but, as a general rule, I should advise men as well as women to avoid both. In the correspondence now taking place a great many men declare that the great desire of their lives is to

Marry and Settle,

but they are unable to do so from the fact that they know no girls in their own rank of life. Now, that strikes me as nonsense. Surely among their men friends and associates there must be "fellows" who have sisters or cousins to whom they could be introduced, and, if the brothers hold back and do not

Introduce their Womankind,

may it not be that they do not think their comrade, who is good enough as a boon companion, quite the thing for the domestic circle?

A Little Talk About Clothes.

Husbands can be done without—clothes cannot. I am told that at last there is a chance of really pretty and suitable costumes being invented for tennis and cycling, as the French have taken the matter in hand. They are changing their ideas very much upon the subject of athletic sports and games for girls across the Channel, but, with our neighbours, the perfect dress is sure to precede the practice of any art. I read lately a description of a

Charming Costume for Lawn-Tennis,

which I copy for the benefit of my readers who love the game and like to look nice. All women should like to look nice. The material of the dress was white woollen stuff—never wear cotton, playing tennis, if you can help it—the skirt was made round, well off the ground, and edged with rows of stitching. The jacket had silk revers: it was open in front to show

A Full Chemisette

of cherry colour or dark blue, draped loosely over a Matado belt.

Another Very Pretty Dress

was worn at a tennis tournament by one of the principal competitors. The material was soft woollen, the colour scarlet. The short full skirt was edged at the hem with two rows of white braid. The jacket buttoned crosswise, and the wide sailor collar left the wearer's pretty throat uncovered. The sleeves were rather wide, and were fastened at the wrist. Black stockings and black—not tan—tennis shoes and a hat of soft grey felt completed this most "fetching" costume.

"Continental Fashion and English Life"

is the name of yet another lady's journal. Its letterpress is bright and readable. Its illustrations of *la mode* are particularly graceful, charming, and numerous; and it is edited by Mr. Charles J. Cheltnam. *Continental Fashion* is issued fortnightly at sixpence by Messrs. Trischler and Co., 18, New Bridge-street, E.C., and is a very creditable production.

The Chilly Nights

of early autumn warn ladies that they should keep themselves from catching cold by clothing themselves in warm attire, tweeds or homespun or good thick serges, with cosy jackets, especially for evening strolls at the seaside or in town. A cold caught in the autumn frequently lasts the winter through, and may bring on the most serious ailments in its wake. Too much care cannot be taken, by wearing warm undervests and seasonable attire, to guard against colds. September sees a fresh bevy of my fair readers leaving town for their richly merited holidays, and I sincerely wish them, one and all, fine weather and a cheerful and happy resting time, and such a stock of good health as will send them back to London with their pale cheeks aglow with colour, and plump and beaming.

The Bouquet of New Autumn Hats and Bonnets,

reproduced from that ever-welcome journal the *Lady's Pictorial*, will, I feel certain, be generally acceptable. Doesn't a pretty bonnet or pretty hat make a pretty face seem prettier? That it certainly does, when it is quite becoming. Plenty to choose from—isn't there?—in this freshest of selections from the most novel designs designed by Mr. Tucker Widgery, of 81, Westbourne-grove, Bayswater. Take my word for it, each is in the very latest fashion.

No. 1 is a piquant little bonnet, with folded sides of salmon-pink velvet, deftly drawn together, so that they form a kind of bow in front, held in place by a jet buckle, and surmounted by dainty wings of black lace, stiffened in quite a novel way with slender ribs of black feathers. These wings stand up both in front and at the back very prettily. This bonnet is sold in various colours, suitable to the season.

No. 2 is a becoming little toque which can be obtained in any two colours to match the gown with which it is intended to be worn. The example sketched has a fluted crown of green velvet, draped over a pleating of fawn velvet, the latter resting prettily on the hair. At the back there is a quaint flight of birds.

No. 3 is a charming bonnet, entirely novel in design. It is composed of a coronet of fine jet openwork, draped with folds of velvet in quite a new shade of rose colour. This bonnet is very prettily trimmed with clusters of black ostrich tips, a black lace butterfly, and small rosette bows of black ribbon-velvet.

No. 4 is a smart little bonnet of black velvet and jet made in a close-fitting Marie Stuart shape. It is bordered with a fine jet trimming, and arranged with black-velvet strings, and tips of black ostrich-feathers at the back.

No. 5 is a dainty hat in two shades of green velvet, the paler colour being used to cover the crown, while the darker shade is seen in a twist of velvet which rests upon the hair, underneath the pointed brim in front. The crown is prettily trimmed with velvet and birds of shaded green plumage.

No. 6 is quite a new shape, lined with fawn velvet, and covered on the top with myrtle-green velvet. The crown is a kind of low steeple-shape, ornamented in front with a bow of green velvet, fastened with a gold buckle; green ostrich-feather tips are prettily clustered together at the back. This novel hat may be had in all the newest combinations of colour.

No. 7 is an exceedingly picturesque shape, made in very soft fawn-coloured beaver bent in and out in a very becoming fashion. The trimming consists of bows of dark heliotrope velvet, and birds of shaded heliotrope plumage to correspond.

No. 8 is a very pretty hat, made in the softest possible pale-grey felt, bent about into a very picturesque shape, and caught together here and there with bows of silver-grey ribbon and pale-grey wings. Underneath the picturesque crown a band of grey velvet rests upon the hair.

No. 9 is a strikingly novel shape, and one which promises to be very popular in Paris. It is made in myrtle-green velvet, with a broad edge of black astrachan fur, and a cluster of black ostrich tips at the back of the crown. Crossing the hair at the back are two straps of black velvet, closely covered with bright steel beads. Narrow strings of black velvet complete a charming hat.

MARGUERITE.

FRESH BOUQUET OF AUTUMN HATS AND BONNETS.

A CANDID GIRL.

UNDESIRABLE SUITOR: "And then, you know, love is blind."

She (sweetly): "He must be, or he's an awful fool."

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

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UNSUCCESSFUL STRATEGY: A STORY OF THE FLORIDA EVER-GLADES.

GARDENING FOR SEPTEMBER.

BY OUR OWN GARDENER.

"What a stormy summer it has been!" Instead of the conventional "three fine days and a thunderstorm," we seem to have had three storms to one really fine day. And already it is drawing to a close ere it has well begun, for towards the end of this month the days grow sadly short and the nights long and chilly. Frosts are frequent and heavy rains have, however, promoted an

Unusually Luxuriant Growth,

such as seldom indeed does the grass appear so green, the foliage so bright and fresh, and the garden generally wear such a spring-like appearance at this season of the year as now. Such weather is, however, by no means favourable to the production of blossoms, and in the

Flower Garden

there are a good many more leaves and fewer flowers than we should like to see. Hollyhocks, phloxes, Chrysanthemums, and other herbaceous plants do not seem to mind it, and dahlias and begonias are almost as bright as ever; but such sun-loving plants as pelargoniums (vulgarly and erroneously termed "geraniums"), petunias, verbenas, and some other greenhouse exotics are wearing a very shabby, not to say rather gone, appearance. In seasons like the present, what may be called

"Wet-Weather Flowers"

can alone make anything like a show, and we should be ready to have our gardens pretty well furnished with flowers at all times.

Roses.

Buds that were inserted some time ago will have "taken" by this time, and probably be commencing to push into growth. See that the ties are loosened, as the shoots supported, as they advance, by means of a bit of stick and a tie: the shoots in which they were inserted should also be cut back to within two inches of the bud. More buds may still be inserted, and the work should be finished off as soon as possible now; late-budded stocks ought not to be pruned, as the bud should remain dormant until next season.

The grand old

Gloire de Dijon

is, as usual, blooming abundantly: it is the first, last, and best, as well as one of the sweetest, of all our roses, and at home anywhere and in any form. Many seedlings have been raised from it, and of these some that partake of its excellent qualities to a considerable degree are Mdme. Berard (rich salmon), Beauté de l'Europe (rich yellow), Clothilde Soupert (rose-colour), Mdme Chauvry (deep buff), Bouquet d'Or (light yellow, shaded copper colour), Mdlle. A. Bruel (white), Mdme. E. Verdier (chamois yellow, very fragrant), Mdme. B. Levet, and Henriette de Beauveau. Cuttings of roses may be planted in frames this month.

Dahlias

should be at their best this month. I had a treat the other day in the shape of an inspection of a very large and first-class collection in the nursery of the Messrs. Cheal, at Crawley, who, it will be remembered, took the grand prize at the Centennial Exhibition at the Crystal Palace last year. The show and cactus kinds were very fine, but the

Single-flowered

varities are the most floriferous, and many of them really charmingly pretty. A few of the best in this section are Victoria, white with a scarlet edge to each petal, very striking; Duchess of Albany, pure white edged with deep orange buff, curious and pretty; Formosa, dazzling scarlet; Miss Roberts, pure yellow; Northern Star, gold with a red stripe; H. M. Stanley, white, base of each petal scarlet; Miss Ramsbottom, rosy pink; and Duchess of Westminster, the best pure white. The herbaceous kinds of

Phlox

are very bright and beautiful just now, and so fragrant. The cottage gardens in this district are full of them, pure white, rosy crimson, and lilac of many shades, and some are prettily oculated. They do best in deep, rich, and rather stiff loamy soil, and, with no more trouble than that of dividing and replanting the roots occasionally, never fail to grow freely and to flower profusely.

Pentstemons,

though not quite so showy, are very charming, and form good companions to the last. They are, however, not quite so hardy, and, as the old roots often perish in the winter, cuttings, formed of the side-shoots, three or four inches long, should be inserted this month under a hand glass or in a frame, and if kept safe from frost every one will flower next summer. Cuttings of the fine old-fashioned

Double Rockets,

and many other herbaceous plants, will also root now if treated in like manner.

Chrysanthemums

will, for the most part, have set their buds by this time, and, if large flowers are wanted, these must be thinned out, but, unless blossoms of exhibition quality are required, there is no need to reduce these to one only on each shoot. For all ordinary purposes, three or four at least may be left. Feeding with liquid manures must now be commenced, good flowers cannot be had without it. Towards the end of the month make preparations for housing the plants on the first indications of frost.

Beds for planting

Carnations

next month must now be prepared. Work the soil well and make it firm, but not very rich. Ground for pinks and pansies should also be prepared. Seedling carnations, Canterbury bells, sweet-williams, wallflowers, and numerous other perennials and biennials must be pricked out as soon as they can be handled; if sown early this should have been done some time ago, and the plants be shortly transferred to their permanent positions.

The propagation of pelargoniums, marguerites, verbenas, heliotropes, and other tender plants by means of cuttings must be finished off at once. Sow hardy annuals to stand the winter. Pot on cinerarias for early flowering as fast as possible, and prick off herbaceous calceolarias into boxes. Chinese primulas should be all established in the pots in which they are to flower. Order Roman hyacinths, paper-white narcissus, and other bulbs for early flowering, and plant them in pots or boxes as soon as received.

Fruit Garden.

Strawberries may still be planted, and, if sturdy plants that have been layered into small pots can be obtained, they will produce a fair crop of very fine fruit next summer. Young plants always fruit earlier than old ones, and afford finer fruit as well; and if some are planted at the base of a south wall, others in the open ground, and others, again, on a shady border, a long succession of fruit will be secured, especially if both early and late kinds are employed.

A new idea in fruit-growing is a

Gooseberry House,

not of glass, but of wire netting. While admitting light and air in full measure, this effectually prevents birds attacking either the growth-buds in spring or the ripe fruit, and heavy crops are almost a certainty. A framework of light quartering is easily constructed over a gooseberry bed, and the galvanised netting is now very cheap.

Vegetable Garden.

Potatoes should be lifted directly they attain anything like maturity, for the disease, having already appeared almost everywhere, will rapidly spread among the roots if left in the damp ground.

Scarlet Runners

have made very luxuriant growth, and, though somewhat later than usual, will yield abundantly if we get fine warm weather now. Pinch out the points of the plants as soon as they reach the top of the sticks, to encourage the production of laterals, and gather the pods of both these and the dwarf kinds directly they become fit for use, and thus prevent any seed ripening.

Tomatoes

in the open air are not doing much good this season, owing to the want of sunshine and warmth. Stop the main stems, remove lateral growths, and shorten the foliage at once. Indoors they are doing better, but in many places sadly crippled by the disease called cladosporium.

Rocca and Tripoli onions to stand the winter may still be sown, but it must be done at once. Prick off cabbages and cauliflowers sown last month, and sow a little more seed. Thin out turnips, spinach, and carrots, and finish planting late cabbages and broccoli.

B. C. R.

HOW A GOOD SHIP WAS LOST.

On the night of Oct. 27, 1842, the good ship Mary Compton, of Bristol, England, was struggling with a fearful gale off the coast of North America. The wind blew furiously, but the weather was clear, and the Captain expected every moment to get sight of the light in the lighthouse on the Iron Rock Shoals. This lighthouse marked the entrance to the harbour. Once there, and they were safe. Sure of his position, he sailed on confidently. Five minutes later the ship struck with a fearful shock, and went to pieces. Four men, including the Captain, were saved. On reaching the shore they found a strange thing had happened. An enemy of the lighthouse keeper had bound him hand and foot and extinguished the light.

Souls as well as ships steer by the lights. Hope is the most important light-house in the world. What shall be said of the man who darkens it in the face of a storm-tossed spirit?

"You are beyond human aid." These words were said by a physician to a woman who had come to consult him. Admitting he thought so, had he the right to say so? No, for he might be wrong—and in any case he had no business to put out the light.

This woman had been ill for some time. In June 1889 she was greatly alarmed by her symptoms. Her heart palpitated, and she was so giddy she could scarcely stand. Her head whirled, "and," she said, "all objects seemed to go into a cloud." She had to hold herself up or sit down for fear of falling. She broke out in a sweat, although cold as death. A dreadful cough racked her frame, so that she could not lie down in bed and sleep.

"I could scarcely crawl about the house," she says, "I was so weak. I tried different remedies and medicines without avail. I went to the dispensary at New Briggate and asked the doctor to tell me the worst. His answer was, 'I have mixed you some medicine; you can take it or leave it.' I took it for three weeks, then gave up in despair. I talked with two other physicians. The last one said, 'You are past human aid.'

"My heart sank within me, for I had five little children, and my death would leave them without a mother's love and care. I went home and cried till I was sick. I had no appetite, and had lost flesh till I was thin as a ghost! My mother came to see me, and did not know me. My skin was of a green and yellow colour, and when I ate anything it seemed to stick in my throat. About this time I commenced vomiting, and what I threw up was tinged with blood. Once I began to vomit at nine o'clock on a Saturday morning, and scarcely got rest from it until Monday morning.

"At this time I remembered that Mrs. Wilson, with whom I formerly worked in Crawford's Mill, in East-street, Leeds (where I live), had been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. So I sent to Mr. Jesson's, the chemist, in Great Garden-street, and got a bottle. A few doses stopped the vomiting, and by degrees from day to day I felt better. Soon I could eat a dry crust, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I had got over all my bad symptoms, and was fast getting my strength back. I am now (April 1890) in better health than ever before in my life.

"I should have taken Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup sooner, but my husband was out of work, and we had only a trifle coming in from his club. But I thank God I did get it at last, and it cured me. All my friends and neighbours know the facts I have related, and I will reply to any letters of inquiry." (Signed) "Mrs. Ann Mills, 40, Bread-street, York-road, Leeds."

This was a case of indigestion and dyspepsia, with symptoms showing how far it had affected the nervous system. A few months, or possibly weeks, more, and Mrs. Mills would have had no tale to tell. She did wrong to wait one hour for any reason, after knowing what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done for her friend.

BRITISH HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

GUERNSEY.

THE catalogue in "Geography Made Easy" runs "Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark," does it not? A geography made minute would include Herm, Jethou, the Ecrehos, the Minquiers, and other islets that cluster more or less in the Channel which Southey might have had in his mind when he wrote the line which Byron quoted. Our present business across the water, which is "blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," except when it is emerald and opaline, and other jewel-like colours, is not one of exhaustive exploration. In this paper we are to begin with

Going to Guernsey.

There are various points of embarcation to the Channel Islands. You may "take shipping" at London Bridge, at Southampton, at Weymouth, or at Plymouth. And, of course, unlike the shipping which Robinson Crusoe took, you will go by steam. The passage from Weymouth to Guernsey is shorter than that

From Southampton to the Isle of the Lily,

but, not to put too fine a point upon it, all "sea." The run down the Solent from Southampton to the Needles, with the Isle of Wight on the one hand and the delightful water-fringe of the New Forest on the other, are the pleasantest prefaces in the world to a sea-passage, and is not "sea" at all in the sense that includes *mal de mer*. Moreover, on a summer's night, and, in fact, on any night when, as Dibdin has it, "the moon on the water is dimmed by a ripple," or, as Campbell has it, when "the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky," that same run down Southampton Water is a thing to be most enjoyably done. It will have been gathered from these observations that the journey and voyage in question are nocturnal. They are! A quarter before ten at Waterloo: a spin to Southampton without stopping, pulling up at the dockside; mails (and yourself) aboard at midnight, and no trouble whatever with your luggage, that having been taken care of and labelled at Waterloo, and off we go. Supper, and then out upon the bridge to scan objects of interest on either shore. At 7.30 a.m. we are

Landing at Guernsey.

There was an earlier landing for passengers from Weymouth, which is the shorter sea run, albeit from Paddington to that watering-place is a much longer railway journey than was from Waterloo to Southampton. But for comfort, and for beauty at both ends, the Southampton route adopted by the subscriber left nothing whatever to be desired. The view of Guernsey grows upon you.

Here is Peter Port,

the capital of Sarnia (Guernsey's ancient name), as beheld from the deck of the steamer. It is a singularly picturesque town, that rises to wood-crowned heights from a level commanding views of Jersey some fourteen miles distant (about twenty-seven by steamer, for St. Heliers is on the invisible side of Jersey); Sark, an hour away by steamer; and Herm and Jethou (twenty minutes off), just opposite. The streets of the chief town of Guernsey are necessarily hilly; but the town is well built, native granite entering largely into the composition, and the business part of it—including a perfect model of a market-place, and the Court and Library, with what answers to the Regent-street or Bond-street of the place—both substantial and handsome. As a detailed account of Guernsey and its scenic and other characteristics would be out of the question in the limited space at the disposal of the writer, there is nothing for it but to give a brief summary of the same.

Air delicious.

The New Life you Breathe in Guernsey

is at once balmy and bracing. Such sea-bathing is perhaps not to be met with in the Queen's dominions. This is "a large order," but any bather, swimmer or not, who has laved his limbs luxuriously in the ever-changing water that has been disciplined so deftly for his use at all times of the refreshing tide will own that I do not employ the language of exaggeration. Opens splendidly to the sea,

The Bathing-stages

are, as it were, shut in from the land, so that the merman opens a door, just as he might open that of a secluded garden, and finds himself with other mermen—or the mermaid finds herself with other mermaidens—quite removed from common observation, with nothing but a bay, Castle Cornet (the sentinel fort of Guernsey), and dimly distant Jersey comprising the outlook. It would require a sketch to depict this

Paradise of the Paddler

and the plunger. Suffice it to say that the bather in Guernsey is, practically, out of view, and monarch of the water. The View of St. Peter Port, which is reproduced from a charming series published by Mr B. Collenette, 15, Smith-street, Guernsey (for most purposes "St. Peter Port" and "Guernsey" are convertible terms), is necessarily but a section of that town and port—one taken, as it were, clean out of the middle. Voyageurs familiar with the aspects of the island will miss the handsome line of sea-front stretches out and completes the landscape to right and left, and which includes, roughly speaking, Vale Castle on the one hand, and Castle Cornet on the other. But I am forgetting my summary! To the air, which is new life, and the water, which is sea-bathing, may be added "living." Guernsey is abundantly provided with

Good Hotels.

There are two Gardners, each of whom controls a caravanserai, which is deservedly popular.

GUERNSEY PHOTOGRAPHED: ST. PETER PORT HARBOUR.

Our Guernsey Photographs are reproduced from the Original Views by Mr. B. Collenette, of St. Peter Port.

GUERNSEY PHOTOGRAPHED: THE QUAY AT ST. PETER PORT.

GUERNSEY PHOTOGRAPHED: A SECTION OF THE TOWN OF ST. PETER PORT.

Government House Hotel crowns one of the heights of the town, and stands in its own beautiful grounds. It was, as the name indicates, formerly the abode of the Lieutenant-Governor. The cuisine and corresponding features are unobjectionable, and the tariff is moderate. There is but a moderate duty on wines and spirits in Guernsey.) The other Gardner's is the Royal, on the Esplanade, which also has grounds of its own. The buildings comprise a large and handsome granite structure and an annexe. Here, again, the comforts are of the highest class, and the tariff likewise moderate.

To the tourist who remains in Guernsey for a period of from one to two months, and who elects to

Do his own Marketing,

there are many advantages. First, the weight. The Guernsey pound, avoirdupois, is about two ounces more than the English pound, and an English shilling is worth twelvepence halfpenny Guernsey." The meat—English mutton, native pork, and French, Spanish, and English beef—ranges in quality, of course, but is mostly excellent; and the nominal price of the same rules lower than it does in England. It would be impossible to overpraise the fish and fruit and vegetable markets, and their contents, especially on a Saturday, when the sight is of itself worth making a long journey to see. How Quin would have gloated over the John Dorey just out of the water! Mackerel, prismatic and curly-tailed—conger, pilot-fish (locally, "long noses" or green-bone), bream, bass, soles, plaice, cod (occasionally), red and grey mullet, gurnard, whiting and whiting pout, skate, sand-eels, may be named, among what a Billingsgater would call the "wet fish," although there are many other varieties; while shell-fish, from monster crabs and crayfish to the lobster, the "spider," and the lady crab, abound, and they are all alive and kicking. Naturally the price is regulated by the supply, and the supply by the weather, but at ordinary times the

Lover of a Fish Diet

who finds himself in Guernsey feels inclined to pity the Cockney of similar taste, and, in fact, considers people of the like taste elsewhere, with a feeling of superior pity. The London price of shellfish is about double that which generally obtains in the island. As for the fruit and vegetable—well, they grow grapes and tomatoes by the hundreds of tons, and early vegetables on the same scale.

It matters not where you fix your residence, brief or prolonged, in the island, rapid and delightful recuperation is at your disposal. You may

Picnic in a Bay,

or you may be taken round the island on a succession of delightful journeys by one of the excursion. This method of exploration is as cheap as it is pleasant. There is a spice of peril involved in the investigations of the more grand of the Guernsey rockbound bays which is not without its allurement to the daring, but, for the most part, the island is easily negotiable.

Victor Hugo,

who invented a Guernsey of his own, just as he made for himself a Scotland, has given his readers a rather different idea of this pleasant little spot; but nobody minds him. He was a master of fiction. The sojourner who has the time invariably discovers how pleasant it is to fall into the ways of the denizens. For example, he may go sand-eeling on a moonlight night—a picnic of picnics!—or he may catch his own prawns; or he may accompany a fisherman and capture his own mackerel or pout or long-nose. Even if he succeed in securing nothing but a rock-fish, the pariah of the waters—a combination of needle-like bones, watery flesh, and spiney hide—albeit sometimes gorgeous to look at—he will have had his fun for his pains. The worst of the rockfish is (like Izaak Walton's chevin) he is so difficult to give away. The natives know him.

On a starry or a moonlight night, when the wind is in the proper quarter, it is no end of fun to go

Sand-Eeling.

You follow the retreating tide—a "spring"—and, having reached a likely spot, say a stretch of yellow sand, you begin with a rude kind of sickle to scratch the sand vigorously right and left. As you scratch—if you are lucky—the eels leap out of their disturbed lair like flexible rods of glistening silver, and then *you* come in. You must seize them on the wing. Be it admitted that the best sand-eels are caught in nets by professional fishermen; what of that? Those which you "reap" in manner described are bound to be of matchless flavour. And I hereby make solemn affirmation that a fried sand-eel is as superior to the creatur that is periodically devoured as whitebait as a forbay sole is to a Dutch plaice. If you chance to be in Guernsey at the period of

The Vraic Harvest,

or, as it is locally termed, "racking," esteem yourself fortunate. The sea-weed which clothes the rocks of the shores is the vraic. It is cut for manure, or for drying for the purposes of winter fuel, at such times as the States (the local legislature) may appoint. Three days of a spring tide are fixed by solemn public announcement. This period is officially advertised in the newspapers, and, if you are a tolerably shrewd observer, you will be made aware of a general procession of carts from interior as well as from the border parishes towards the beach. Every part of the coast is shorn. The abundant tufts of old-gold-coloured brown and saline smelling weed is cut and piled in heaps (a sort of marine hay-cock) by men and women, who use iron hooks for the purpose. The carts await hard by. Many of these are drawn by an ox in the shafts and a horse as leader. There are rude roads made among the low outcrop of the rocks which, undiscernible to the stranger, are as well known to the harvester as the roads to his own farm. Diligently between the tides for the appointed three days is the work pursued, and then the precious store of fertiliser and fuel is carted home.

Hams Cured in Vraic Smoke

and potatoes baked in vraic ashes are things which a conservative Guernsey man who loves his island home is apt to boast of.

It would be very easy to fill the picture page of this Journal with views of the

Coast and Inland Scenery

of this singularly picturesque island. All the qualities of beauty, wildness, and grandeur are present in the bays, stretches of coast, and masses of rock that characterise the remarkably varied line and elevation of the island. Guernsey may be called a paradise for picnic parties. There is a broad breezy common (L'Ancresse), whose expanse and sea-border are, with the looks inland, especially that which embraces Vale Church, a mine of picturesque wealth to the artist, as well as an abiding delight to the tourist eager for gulps of invigorating air. As for the bays, wild Cobo, pretty Fermain, alluring Moulin-Huet, and the majestic Gouffre, which with its towering crown of granite and its abrupt gorge is more than a bay, may be taken as more or less typical of the whole.

The Principal Paradise of the Children—

for there are several—is Bordeaux Harbour, or, rather, Bordeaux without the Harbour, with its pools and shallows and sands at low water, its "hundred islands," and its delightful facilities for bathing, prawning, fishing, and so forth. It is the Brighton of Guernsey. In the season, lodgings are at a premium at this unique holiday settlement. The quarries, the greenhouses, "the common objects of the seashore"—collectors of curious crustacea find this an irresistible hunting-ground—the flora, the footprints of Victor Hugo, and the social life of Guernsey supply a combination of attractions scarcely to be met with elsewhere. It would be idle to descant on the charms it possesses to the artist. And the air of Guernsey, I may repeat with emphasis, is new life.

Reference has been made to the means of reaching Guernsey. Last year the Great Western Company put on a service of fast steamers from Weymouth to Guernsey and Jersey, and this year

The London and South-Western,

from Waterloo viâ Southampton, albeit already provided with an admirable service, have added

The Frederica

to their fleet. This powerful vessel, most magnificently appointed, was built by the Clyde designers of "the greyhounds of the Atlantic." The other day she did a record of speed from Southampton to Guernsey which placed all former achievements in the shape of rapid runs "nowhere."—JERSEY, next week! B. W.

GUERNSEY PHOTOGRAPHED: CASTLE CORNET.

SITE OF LONDON'S COMING EIFFEL TOWER AND RECREATION PALACE, WEMBLEY PARK.

LONDON'S COMING EIFFEL TOWER AT WEMBLEY PARK.

The Village of Wembley

has hitherto slumbered peacefully in an obscurity that is vouchsafed to few of London's suburbs. It is within twenty minutes of Baker-street by the Metropolitan Railway, yet isolated, inasmuch as the traveller by that railway has only been favoured with a glimpse of Wembley Park on his

Journey to Harrow-on-the-Hill.

The nearest station is Kingsbury and Neasden. A native of this metropolitan rural district will tell you it is two miles from Neasden to Wembley. If you walk it on a hot day, at noon time, you will doubt his veracity, and believe it to be more.

However, that will not seriously affect the future visitor, for

The Metropolitan Railway Company

have already commenced to

Build a Railway-station in the Middle of the Park Itself,

in anticipation of the Watkin Tower, which will soon take root in this lovely spot.

Operations will, it is expected, be commenced within a few months. It took two years to build the Eiffel Tower, but the enterprising "Sir Watkin" proposes to beat records all round, and the tower is to be larger, more quickly constructed, and in every way an advance on its famous rival.

The tower will not stand alone. The park will be appropriately laid out as

A Pleasure Resort,

and no effort will be spared to enhance, if possible, its present natural attractions. It is confidently expected that Wembley will be the

Future Site of Big Exhibitions,

international, agricultural, and otherwise.

Cheap Fast Trains.

There will be special trains which will accomplish the journey in a little over ten minutes from Baker-street. Cheap fares and various other inducements will be offered, and everything combines to conduce to the future prosperity of Wembley.

Wembley Park,

at present tenanted by Mr. Gray, is situated on the slope of a hill, on the summit of which are clumps of beautiful trees, each enclosed by a circular hedge. These are called "the Roundabouts," and they are to be the exact site of the tower.

From here are beautiful views of richly timbered, rolling country, extending for many miles. Harrow Hill is in view within a few miles.

The House

is not suggestive of architectural grandeur, but bears an air of solid comfort and respectability, with a tinge of exclusiveness accruing from its hitherto unbroken isolation, that will probably resent the approaching intrusion.

The Lodge

is a delightfully quaint little creeper-grown structure, that nestles among high trees, and stands guard over the main entrance. A few minutes' drive through the gate leads to the house and farm buildings. The barns, stables, and sheds, forming the farmyard, are a picturesque group of tumble-down buildings, rich in colour, and would be more pleasing to the eye of an artist than to a prospective purchaser.

The Prize Towers.

It is generally known that the prizes have been awarded to two of the competitive designs—the first prize being 500 guineas, and the second 250 guineas. These awards have been already paid; but it is not actually decided by the company which of these will be utilised, and whether, or to what extent, the designs will be altered or adapted to their own ideas of what the tower shall be.

Wembley Park is 280 Acres in Extent,

and it is intended to utilise 150 acres of it for the tower and its surroundings.

In addition to the increased height of the Watkin Tower compared with the Eiffel, it will be placed on the hill before-mentioned, whereas the Eiffel was constructed and stands on the river level.

Science to be Encouraged.

Among the claims of the promoters it may be mentioned that, in addition to gratifying the curious and the sightseer, great facilities are to be offered to science in the matter of astronomical observation, the micrographic study of the air, and the question of the existence of bacillæ in pure and rarefied media.

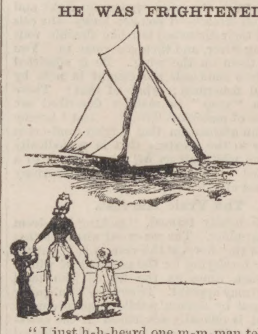
Paris doctors claim to have discovered that benefit accrues to patients suffering from pneumonia and throat affections from the pure air obtained at this easily accessible altitude.

Restaurants and Theatres,

shops, gardens, and Turkish baths, are among the additional delights the promoters promise to the pleasure-seekers who may hie for renovation and recreation to the coming Watkin Tower at Wembley Park.

J. LOUIS KIGHT.

HE WAS FRIGHTENED.



"Oh, no, let's not go!" exclaimed the little boy, as his nurse proposed going on board a yacht, and then the youngster burst into tears.

"Why, Willie, what is the matter?"

"I just h-h-heard one m-m-man tell another to set the s-s-spanker!"

IN FRANCE.

Just after I wrote last week, praising the French breakfasts and recommending them to all tourists interested in the meat-and-drink question, I met a French cyclist (he was touring at the time) who gave me an entirely new theory on the subject. Living in France, he naturally does not appreciate the advantages of his own country. He told me that, while riding, he lived altogether on a certain sort of biscuit made by a firm in Marseilles. Each, he assured me, contained a whole meal, and he ate four every hour. One would have to be a Gargantua to eat four French breakfasts or dinners in an hour, but, though somewhat sceptical, I accepted a pocketful of his biscuits when we parted. They were brownish in colour, and square, looking not unlike dog-biscuits. Towards breakfast-time I ate four at the required interval of a quarter of an hour, and after they were eaten I was only hungrier than ever, and had to hurry on to the nearest town to satisfy my appetite in the usual way. I am sorry now that I at once threw the remaining biscuits away, so that I cannot give their name to any riders who would like to try a new and inexpensive diet. I think they are made by Prunet, who is the Huntley and Palmer of Marseilles.

I am, as usual when in this country, greatly impressed by the excellence and beauty of the roads. I should like to depict a bit of a mountain highway, just to give an idea to those who have never been to France of the loveliness of the journey they have still to make. To be sure, this is a particularly pretty bit, but it is not so very much prettier than the average road—that is, the main road, which is called Route Nationale. Always lined with poplars in the north, in the south it is very apt to be shaded by sycamores or walnuts, so that even on a sunny day you are sure of some protection from the sun. In low-lying country the only drawback to it is its monotony, for often it runs in a perfectly straight line for miles and miles. But in the mountains it has not even this one fault, for it twists and turns among the hills, and at every turn is some new and lovely view, as in the accompanying photograph. Those who cross France in the train always think of it as one great plain, but it must be remembered that it includes within its limits a great part of the Alpine and Pyrenean ranges, and the by no means insignificant hills of the Cevennes.

I have just had a short run through the Cevennes. My route was very much the same as that taken by Stevenson on his famous and, to us, charming (though to him, probably, miserable enough) walk with his donkey. Do you know the book in which he tells the story? If you do not, get it at once and read it; for there is no more fascinating volume of travels in the English—or any other, I fancy—language.

Interesting as my ride was, I must frankly admit that I would not care to take it again very soon. The wind that blows all through the Cevennes country is something appalling; and, no matter in which direction you go, it is invariably a head-wind. We have nothing like it in England, or else, I venture to say, we should have fewer riders. Indeed, I was not surprised to get to one small village where the people had never seen a safety before. Their curiosity reminded me of my first and early cycling days. There was one day when I did not make more than twenty-five kilomètres in five hours. The worst of it is that in the mountains the distances between the towns are always greater, so that, when you have to fight the Cevennes hurricane, you run the risk of not reaching your destination for the night, and of being obliged to sleep in the first place where you can find shelter. There was one awful, unspeakable night which I spent in an auberge, not unlike the one Stevenson describes when he had to share his bedroom with a young peasant and his wife. I shared mine, which was not much larger than a large closet, with four men, but I made my escape at day-break, and, as I had arrived long after dark the night before, I never found out the name of the village, which I should like religiously to avoid for ever more.

But, on the other hand, the roads, even in this windy wilderness, are good, and the country has a wild charm of its own. Many of the towns and villages are genuinely quaint and picturesque, and the people are, as a rule, friendly and decent. I say "as a rule," because I remember Mr. Stevenson's experience, for which we must be thankful, which forced him to make his bed under the pines; while I myself, on one or two occasions, was refused food or shelter in inns that looked fairly large and promising.

I met no cyclists touring in the mountains, though in several of the towns the *curé* or some of the people had tricycles and even safeties. But probably the average French cyclist, indefatigable as he is, knows too well how the Cevennes wind can blow, and that heavy rains and hail are not unusual in the Cevennes hills, even at midsummer.

N. C. U.

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The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; therefore no family should ever be without it.

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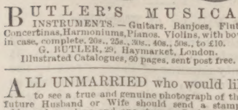

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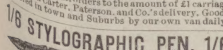

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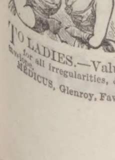

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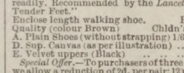

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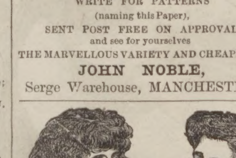

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Were not the pest of my poor life;
Where'er I lived, in house or flats,
My plague has been those horrid Rats!
They ate our meat, our bread, and shoes,
We could not have a quiet snooze;
One day my wife did chance to doze,
They pinned my baby by the nose.

CHORUS.

R-r-rats! Rats! Rough on Rats!
Hang your dogs and drown your cats!
We give a plan for every man
To clear his house with ROUGH ON RATS!

I got a cat, I set a trap,
And thought to have a quiet nap,
But scarce in bed we snug were laid,
When round the room the villains played.
My wife jumped out upon the floor,
To strike a light, but soon did roar,
As well she might, for you must know,
The steel trap had her by the toe.

CHORUS—R-r-rats! Rats! Rough on Rats, &c.

But Rats were not the only pest
To spoil our food and spoil our rest;
Fresh trouble did each day arise—
Mice, Roaches, Bugs, Mosquitoes, Flies.
But now I've got the tip at last,
And soundly sleep and eat quite fast,
For we have banished all the crew—
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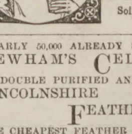

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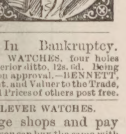

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